Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 21, 1957 / 25¢

Margot Fonteyn, in the Royal Ballet's new production of "Petrouchka." (See MUSIC TO MY EARS)

SECRET OF THE MASTERS

By Jessamyn West

THE NEW THEATRE SEASON: A FORECAST

By Henry Hewes

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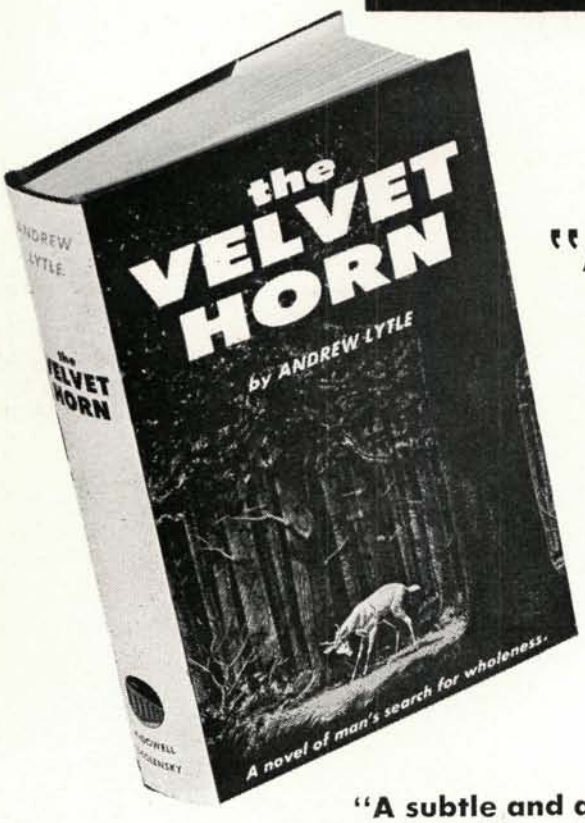

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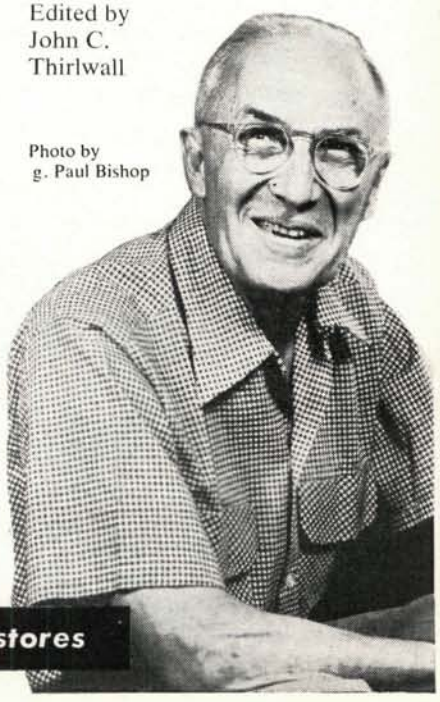

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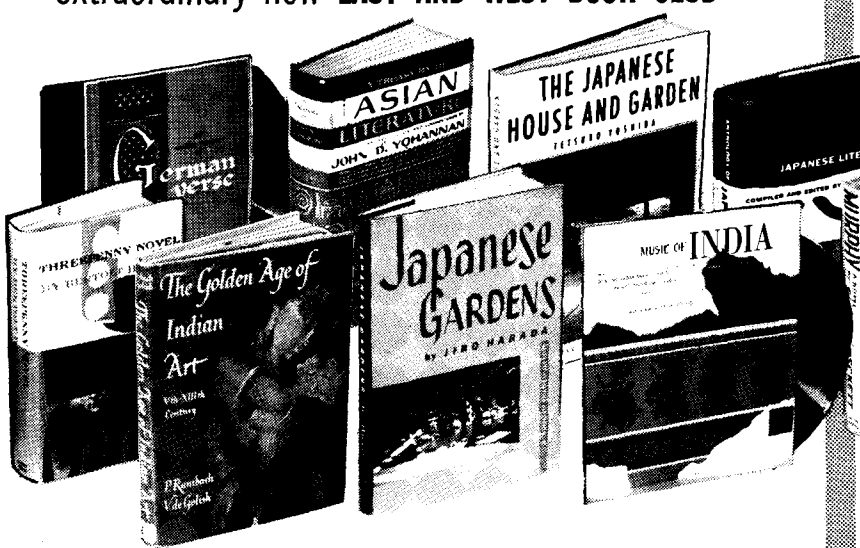

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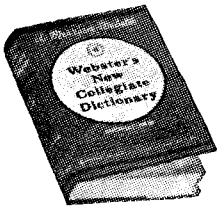

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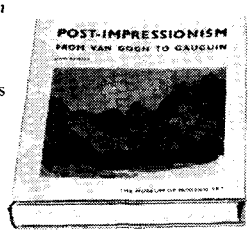

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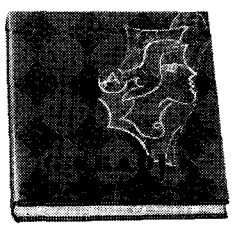

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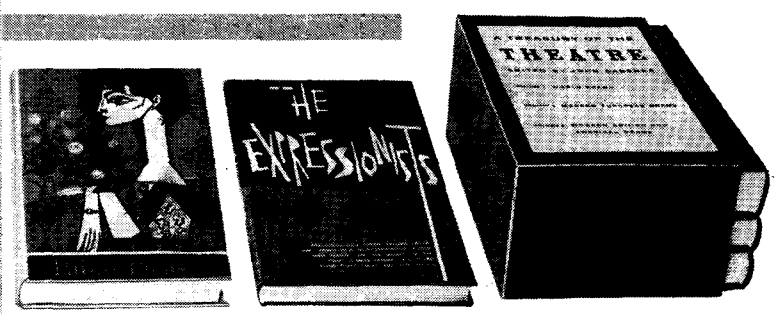

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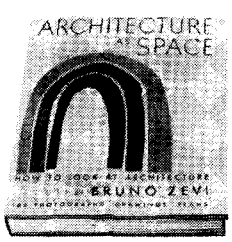

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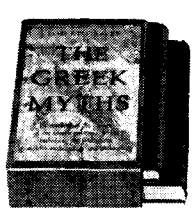

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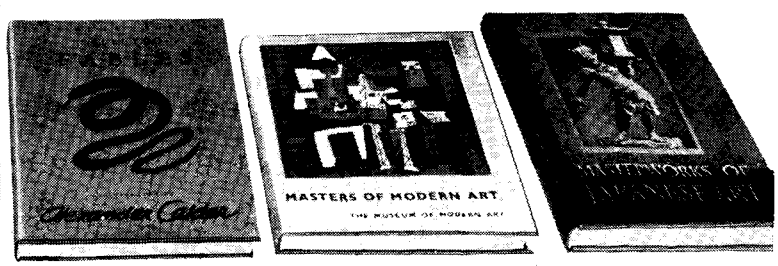

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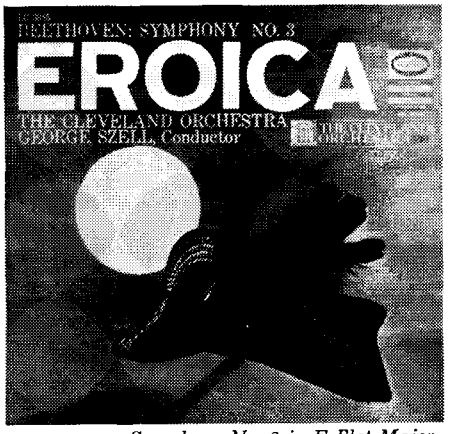

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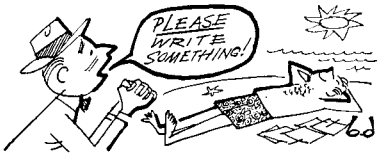

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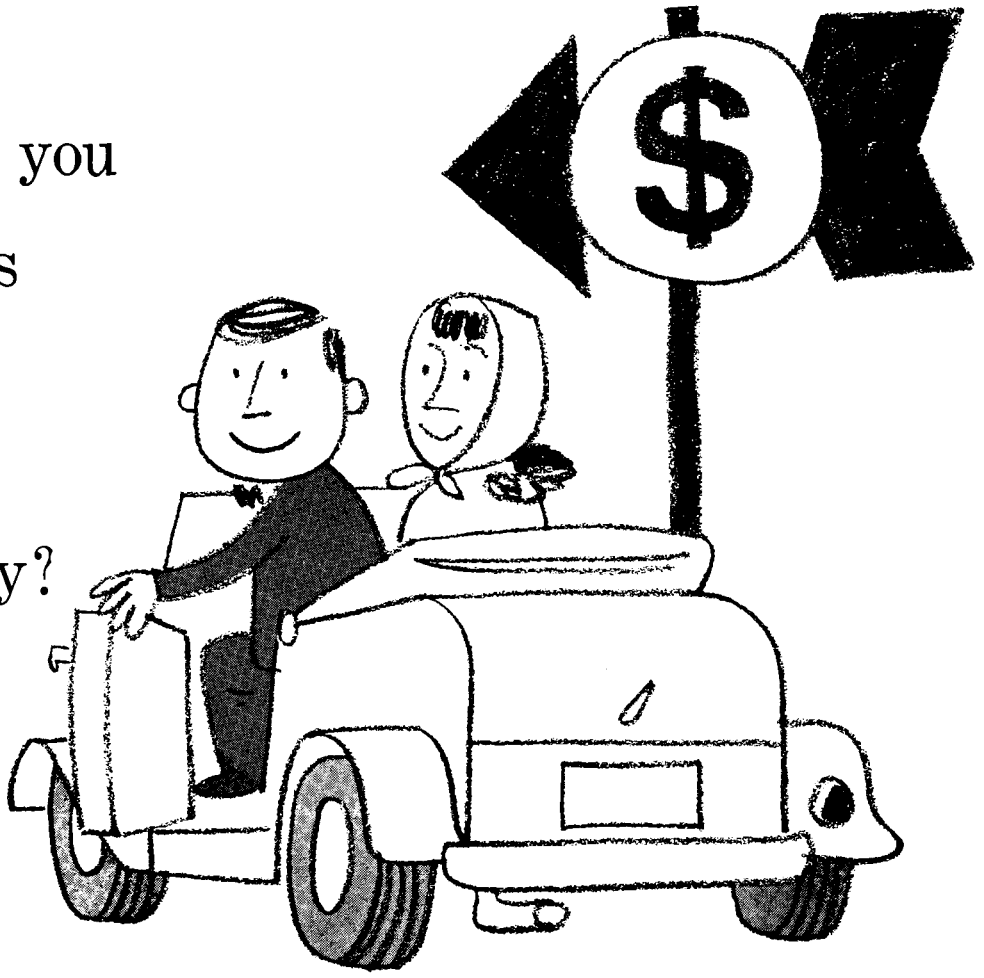

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Are there extra benefits along the way? An income from stocks and bonds may help you to retire. And ownership of stock may help you keep pace with rising prices. Through the Monthly Investment Plan you can buy stocks in some of America's greatest companies for as little as $40 every three months, up to $1,000 a month, starting or stopping a Plan anytime you like.

Look out for chuck-holes! Use only money left over after emergencies are provided for. And don't let tips or rumors lead you astray. A company may not grow, may not pay a dividend, or interest, may even lose ground. So act only on facts. And get the advice of a broker—making sure he's with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He'll be glad to share his knowledge with you—at no charge. And from time to time ask him to review your securities with you.

A wonderful road map. More than 300 stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have paid dividends *every year* from 25 to 109 years. Some have increased their dividends over the past ten years. Some have paid 5 to 6 percent at recent prices. We've listed these stocks in a booklet, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." It's free. Drop in at a nearby Member Firm for a copy. Or send the coupon. Isn't right now the best time to start on the road that can lead to extra income?

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

Send for new free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to New York Stock Exchange, Dept. F2-7, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.
Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS – *a basic guide for common stock investment.*"

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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This Is Your Wife

How the telephone helps her to be five busy people

This is the very pretty girl you married.

She's the family chef. And the nurse. And the chauffeur and maid.

And when she's all dressed up for an evening out—doesn't she look just wonderful!

How does she do it?

Of course she's smart and it keeps her busy, but she never could manage it without the telephone.

When the "chef" needs groceries, she telephones. Supplies from the drugstore? The "nurse" phones her order.

A train to be met? The telephone tells the "chauffeur" which one. A beauty shop appointment? A call from the "glamour girl" makes it easily and quickly.

Handy, ever-ready telephones—in living room, bedroom, kitchen and hobby room—mean more comfort, convenience and security for everybody.

Working together to bring people together... BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

TV drama . . . client turns it down because "it might offend the pacifist group." . . . All TV performers still suffering the ignominy of being "cleared" by advertising agencies who, *in spite of denials*, refer to *Red Channels* and other arbitrary lists before permitting a performer to work . . . irony of situation is that the very

people who consult the "lists" daily denounce the system vociferously while they continue to use it. . . .

RECENT POLL BY GALLOP shows parents read very little . . . only 17 per cent of the population was curling up with a book at the time of the interviews, compared to 55 per cent in England, 34 per cent in West Germany, and 31 per cent in Canada. . . . 1 lb. butter, 2 qts. milk, Ritz Crackers, ½ lb. bacon, *razor blades*. . . .

JAMES GOULD COZZENS wrote his new novel, "By Love Possessed" (Harcourt), over a period of ten years, writes Stan Chambers, a publishing editor who well knows his way around the business. "It is a terrific novel. His vocabulary is such that it wouldn't hurt to have an unabridged dictionary about, because you'll run into phrases like these: 'the vilipending of hostility,' 'piacular pollution,' 'excessive muliebrity,' 'the autoptic fact,' 'that frail venter,' 'its virescent bud of leaves,' 'the longanimous resigna-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 743

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 743 will be found in the next issue.

ZYX WVUTSZ RUPP ON

VN MLZV Z ONTSZ.

KJUPUK TILOZPPZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 742.

A narrow mind begets obstinacy; we do not easily believe what we cannot see.

—DRYDEN.

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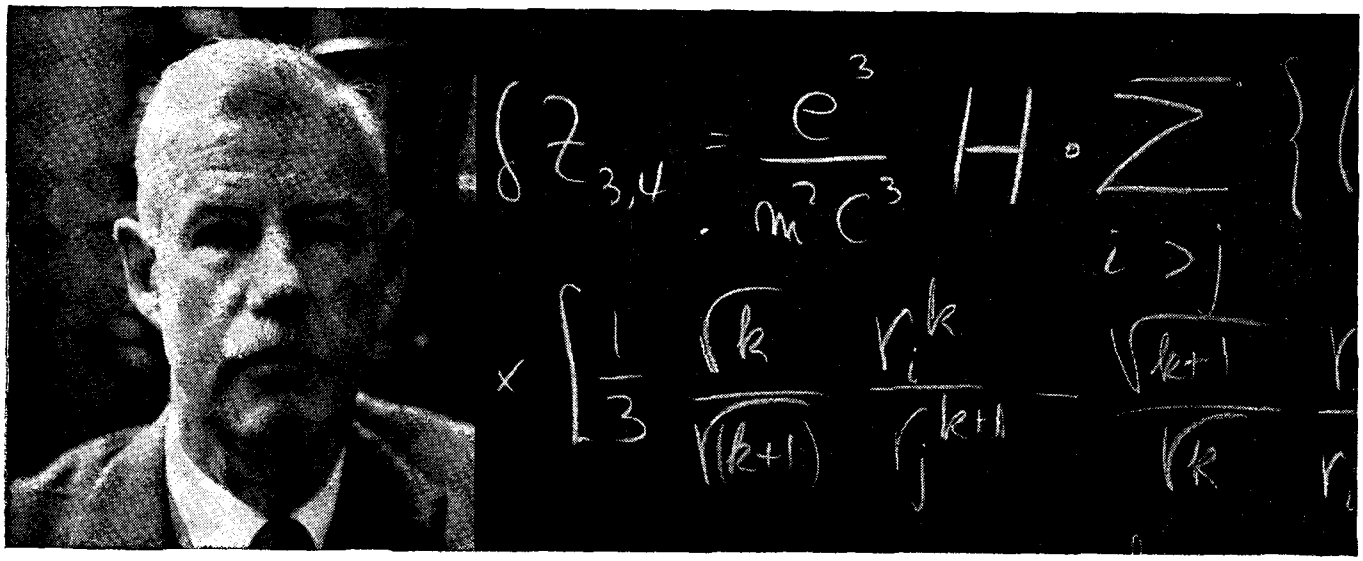


THIS MAN KNOWS PHYSICS;

THIS ONE KNOWS JAZZ . . .

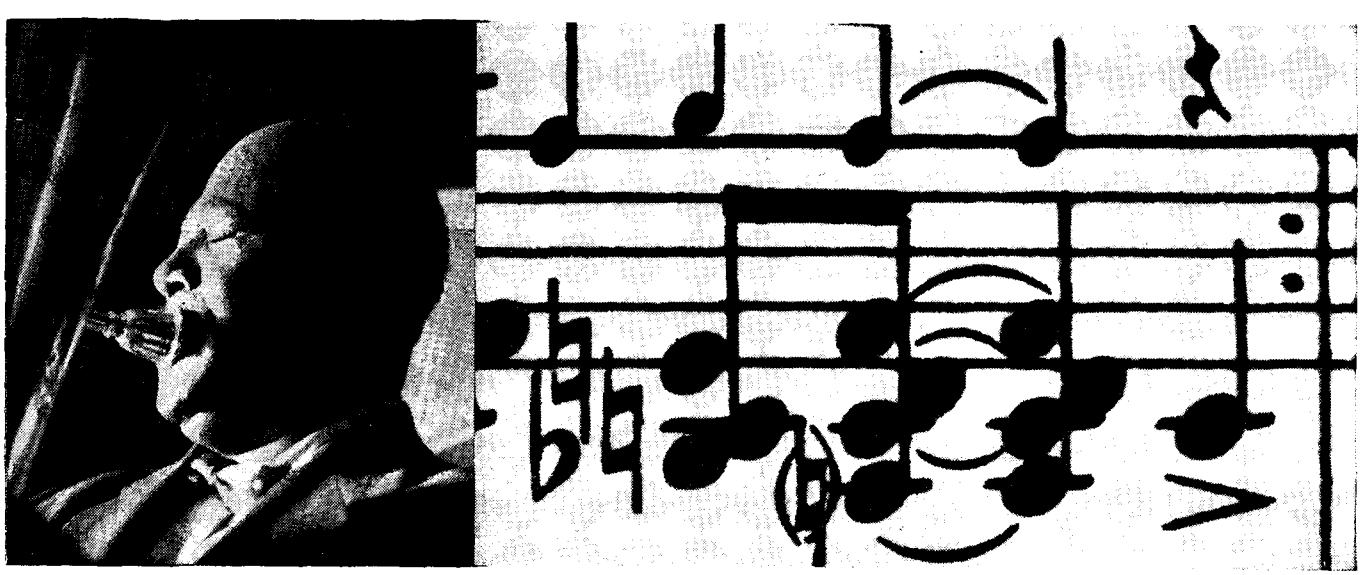
To KNOW is a great thing, all by itself. It gives you a living, yes; it also gives you fun, interest, value as a human being.

To know one specific field expertly may give you your fame, your reputation and niche in life. But to know life itself, in all its variousness, its goodness and pain, its glory and squalor, you need to know something about many fields.

And if you care enough, you will know.

This has always been a basic assumption of TIME's editors, writers and researchers: that enough people would care enough.

In its first year, some twelve thousand people cared enough to take TIME week after week; today every issue goes to more than two and a half million families throughout the free world.

TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine

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How much do you tip waiters in Paris? How do you order wine in Rome? Do's and don't's of sight-seeing in Europe

You get all the answers in these

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FREE! As a reward for promptness, TWA will send you a full-color map of Paris with every order. Mail coupon today!

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FLY TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

ORDER BLANK

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Dear Sir: Please send me your wonderful new travel guides. I am enclosing cash or check ($1.00 for the five shown, $1.50 for all eight, or 25¢ each for single guides) to cover handling and mailing costs.

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Please allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery

☐ SET OF FIVE $1.00
Includes France, Great Britain, Switzerland, Italy, Germany. No substitutions, please.

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Individual Guides, 25¢ ea.

☐ France ☐ Germany
☐ Italy ☐ Ireland
☐ Great Britain ☐ Spain
☐ Switzerland ☐ Portugal

tion,' 'the heart reluctated,' 'your limitary mind,' 'a violescent haze'—and the list goes on."

Denver Lindley, the editor at Harcourt who handled the book, reports that the author has sold his country home in Lambertville, New Jersey, and moved to parts unknown. The mythical town in which the book is set is reported to be similar to Doylestown, Pennsylvania, a short hop across the Delaware from Lambertville.

"One interesting thing about Cozzens is his attitude towards the lavish advertisements planned for the book," says Lindley. "He felt—and I know of no other author who has felt this way—that the size of the ads was much too large and thus a little too vulgar!"

EVER SINCE THE GOLDEN days of Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker we have been looking for a successor who would be half as quotable as these masters of the art of *bon mot*. We think we have found one in playwright mystery-novelist William Roos, whom we quoted briefly in this column some time ago. A few more remarks have come to our intelligence, which deserve, we feel, attention:

At a cocktail party, cartoonist Charles Addams was describing a dream. It was, he said, as frightening as one of his own cartoons. "When I woke up," Addams concluded, "my hands were wet and cold and my mouth was hot and dry."

"Why," asked Bill Roos, "didn't you put your hands in your mouth?"

Later the host was hard put for something to stir a highball with, and had to fall back on stirring it with his finger. "You shouldn't do that," Roos commented. "You don't know who's been drinking out of that glass."

Then, on one miserable winter morning, his wife, Audrey, summoned the courage to get out of bed and look at the weather.

"What's it like outside?" Roos asked.

"It's gray, dismal, and forty," she answered.

"Well," said Roos as he turned over to go back to sleep, "Who *isn't*?"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1225)

PHYLLIS STARK:
I CHOSE A PARSON

During World War II, in the Pacific area especially, Dakota Indians were used by the Intelligence Service to relay messages in their native tongue. The Dakota language was one "code" that the Japanese were never able to crack.

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"Mother and Child"—by Gladys Rockmore Davis

No other Christmas Cards make so many people so happy!

These handsome cards are UNICEF cards. UNICEF is the United Nations Children's Fund. The money you spend for these cards helps UNICEF protect the world's unfortunate children from hunger and disease. It is helping 45,000,000 children this year, but 600,000,000 need help.

Every dollar's profit from the sale of the cards protects two children from blindness. A dollar gives seventy children a glass of milk every day for a week. A dollar protects one hundred youngsters against tuberculosis.

Send UNICEF cards and the happiness you spread at Christmastime extends to the farthest corners of the earth.

"Brothers"—symbolizing the unity of man—by Hans Erni

"Community of Man"—also symbolizing the unity of man—by Hans Erni

"Sewing"—by Vietnamese artist, Mai-Thu

"Carol Singers"—North America—by Ludwig Bemelmans

"Shepherd Boy with Flute"—the Mediterranean—by Ludwig Bemelmans

"Drums and Pipes"—Asia—by Ludwig Bemelmans

"The Organ-Grinder"—South America—by Ludwig Bemelmans

"Writing"—by Vietnamese artist, Mai-Thu

"Sleigh Bells"—North Europe—by Ludwig Bemelmans

Pleasantest way to shop for Christmas Cards

Fill in and mail coupon below. All cards $1.25 per box of 10. Check or money order. No C.O.D.'s. Allow 15 days' shipping time.

Greeting cards carry "Season's Greetings" in the five official U.N. languages. Note cards (same design) are blank inside. For an additional 40¢ a box, your name is imprinted on Greeting cards . . . on the Note cards "Merry Christmas and/or Happy New Year" with name. Minimum imprint order, 10 boxes of any one assortment.

UNICEF Greeting Card Fund, United Nations, New York, N. Y.

	NOTES	GREETINGS
( ) Boxes Bemelmans, two each of 5 designs		
( ) Boxes Mai-Thu, five each of two designs		
( ) Boxes Gladys R. Davis		
( ) Boxes Erni "Brothers"		
( ) Boxes Erni "Community"		
( ) With name imprinted on Greeting cards as you wish it to appear		

Name:

( ) With name and "Merry Christmas—Happy New Year" on Note cards

Name

Address

City Zone State

The space for this advertisement has been contributed by this publication.

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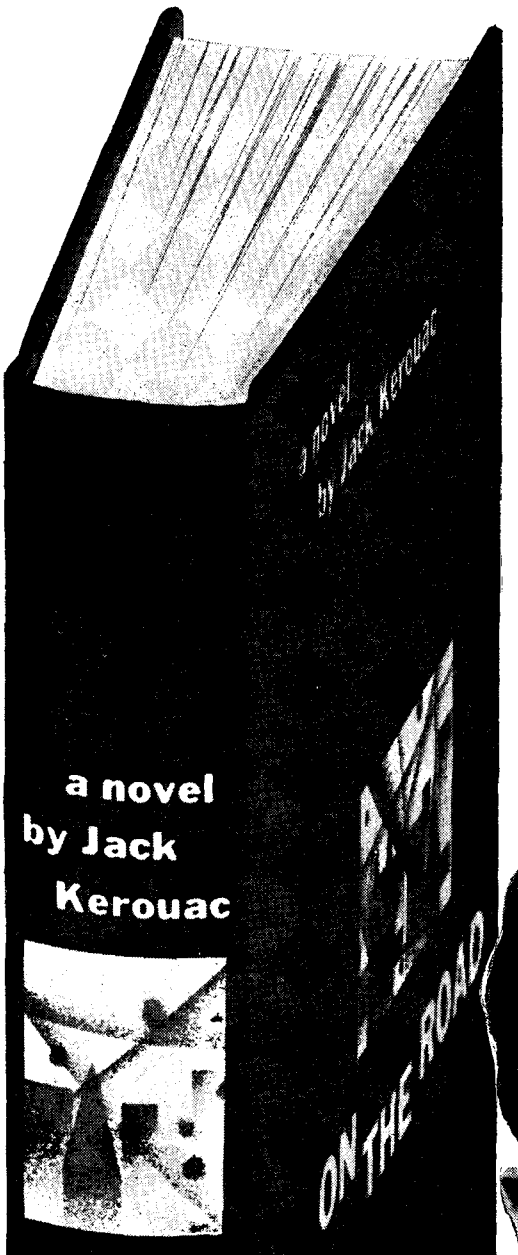

"The hot pursuit of pleasure

enables Mr. Kerouac to serve up the great, raw slices of America that give his book a descriptive excitement unmatched since the days of Thomas Wolfe. . . . As a portrait of a disjointed segment of society acting out of its own neurotic necessity, *On the Road* is a stunning achievement."
—DAVID DEMPSEY, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"The most beautifully executed, the clearest and the most important utterance yet made by the generation Kerouac himself named years ago as 'beat'. . . . There are sections of *On the Road* in which the writing is of a beauty almost breathtaking. There is a description of a cross-country automobile ride fully the equal, for example, of the train ride told by Thomas Wolfe in *Of Time and the River*. There are the details of a trip to Mexico (and an interlude in a Mexican bordello) that are, by turns, awesome, tender and funny. And, finally, there is some writing on jazz that has never been equaled in American fiction, either for insight, style or technical virtuosity. *On the Road* is a major novel."
—GILBERT MILLSTEIN, *N. Y. Times*

by JACK KEROUAC

At all bookstores $3.95

THE VIKING PRESS • New York 22

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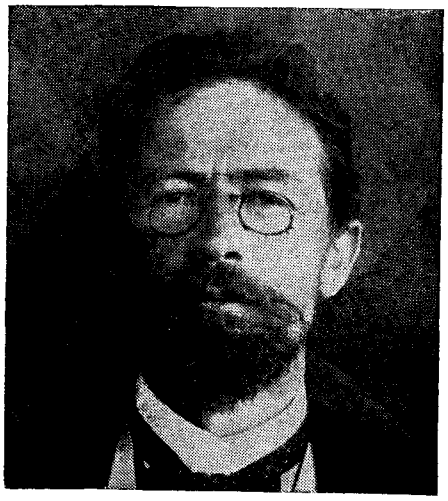
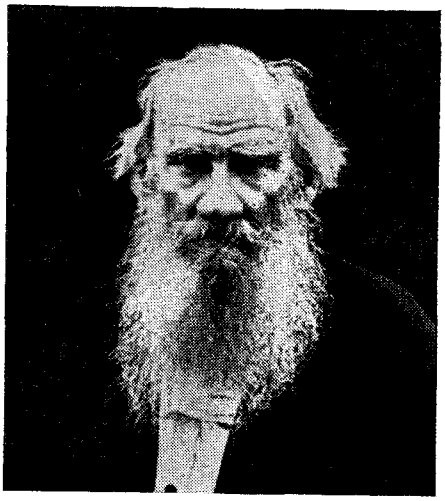
The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 21, 1957

SECRET OF THE MASTERS





Chekhov called it "the slave cast out"; Katherine Mansfield, "purity"; Tolstoy, "holiness."

By JESSAMYN WEST

THERE is no royal path to good writing; and such paths as exist do not lead through neat critical gardens, various as they are, but through the jungles of self, the world, and of craft. Any serious novel is the result of a writer's struggle with himself, the world in which he lives, and the means at hand or which he develops to body forth this world fictionally.

A writer may, with taste unchallenged, speak of all his non-literary struggles. The reader can accept and even relish a writer's report of his failures with women, his creditors, and his ulcers. These revelations do nothing but enhance the reader's opinion of himself: he, though he cannot write of life, at least knows how to live it properly. But any confession that writing itself represents a struggle hurts us as readers. Just as the suicide seems to betray us all by his repudiation of the belief we all cherish that life is worth living, so the writer who confesses that his own vision is achieved only by desperate effort undermines our faith in the authenticity of what to enjoy we must accept as valid.

Other, less distinterested motives are involved in literary reticence. The novelist, like any fabricator, does not want his product judged either by the ease or laboriousness of fabrication. He has seen Trollope underestimated because he could put novels together during fifteen-minute waits in railway stations, and a Faulkner novel disparaged because it was produced for purposes of shock. Moreover, another motive, far deeper, may keep the writer silent about his writing: Silence sometimes comes from a reverence for what he feels to be less trivial (less passing, too, he hopes) than the life of his body—and that is the life of his imagination.

Nevertheless, whether confessed or not, the struggle with the self is paramount and continuous; and while the reader does well to be unconcerned with the conditions under which the novelist writes, the novelist himself had better be aware of them. By "conditions" I refer not to a house in the country, nor times of peace or war, nor health or sickness, nor critical approbation or its lack. Nor am I speaking of anything as superficial as "self-expression." Who cares whether Old Ernie "expressed himself" when he wrote of his fisherman?

I am speaking of what the novelist, as novelist, knows or attempts to know about himself, that state which Chekhov in a letter to a brother who wanted to write referred to as "The slave cast out," and which Katherine Mansfield called "purity," and Tolstoy called "holiness." For me that struggle is toward what, for lack of a better word, I call "openness" and the discovery of a "true voice." The two are very closely related, since it is only through openness that the true voice can emerge.

While the true voice represents a

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selection, a discovery, a constellation, the paradox is that it can be discovered, selected, constellated only through openness for only openness permits the true voice, once discovered, to flow and to soar. By openness I do not mean "openmindedness" or "openness to experience," though these states might well attend the kind of openness of which I speak. Perhaps I had better say what this openness is not. It is not self-protection. It is not hatred. It is not impatience. It is not answers. It is not facts. It is not justification. It is not pride. It is not a fist. It is not a clenching.

It is exposure. It is space. Without space, without openness, the world of the novel cannot grow. A clenching kills. And hate, which is a clenching, which is a focussing of great narrowness, kills. There is not room for growth inside what, to be useful as a weapon, must exclude space and become solid matter. Hate can produce writing as explosive as a blow, but it is utilitarian writing, put together not to reveal but to destroy.

OPENNESS, persisted in, destroys hate. The novelist may begin his writing with every intention of destroying what he hates. And since a novelist writes of persons, this means the destruction (through revelation) of an evil person. But in openness the writer becomes the evil person, does what the evil person does for his reasons and with his justifications. As this takes place, as the novelist opens himself to evil, a self-righteous hatred of evil is no longer possible. The evil which now exists is within; and one is self-righteous in relation to others, not to oneself. When the writer has himself assumed the aspect of evil and does not magisterially condemn from the outside, he can bring to his readers understanding and elicit from them compassion. This is why we do not, as readers, hate the great villains of literature. Milton does not hate Satan; nor Thackeray, Becky; nor Shakespeare, Macbeth. For a time Milton *was* Satan; Thackeray, Becky; Shakespeare, Macbeth. And the openness of the novelist (together with his talent and his skill) permits us, his readers, though we know that Satan must be cast down and that Macbeth must die, to respond to them without narrowness—with compassion instead of hatred. We do not love them, however. Nor do I think this openness of which I have been speaking can be called love, though it must include the possibility of love as it includes the possibility of evil.

In the old days, evil and its specific manifestation in sin had a meaning which, if it served no other purpose, was dramatically useful to the novelist. Sin has now been replaced by violence and does not develop in the novel (no matter what its horsepower of raw energy outside the novel) the functional torque of one small, relevant sin. And without this torque the novel does not engage itself efficiently with the reader. Perhaps what the novelist must recognize is that evil changes its aspects from age to age, and part of his struggle with the world is to recognize the new masks which evil puts on.

The reader is also a part of the world, and in so far as he values the shoddy, the trivial, the false, the novelist must oppose him as well. For the unique person, the individual whom the writer used to address, write about, and try to be, has had his uniqueness diluted and his edges blurred. His mind is today fed on slogans, his body on synthetics. Moreover, the reader's love of the "true story" is no help to the novelist. The wars produced more violence and cruelty, courage and devotion than the novelists of the world can equal. First-hand accounts satisfy the reader's hankering for facts and convince him that reality is what happened at a named place on a specific day. So the novels he reads in quantity tend to be either nostalgic retreat from "the facts," or in them "the facts" are made even more irresistible by being attached to a narrative hook of a romantic-sexual nature which sinks deeply into frail flesh.

These are but a few of the complaints made when the writer speaks of his struggle with the world. I mention them only in passing to show that I know they exist. The world of which I speak, and against which the writer must struggle, is not this exterior world (with which, because he recognizes it, he can struggle) but the world which has become so much a part of him that he accepts it as himself. This world, bred into his bone by his times, his upbringing, and his education—and of which he is frequently unaware—the writer must repudiate if he is to find his own voice.

NOW we are back again with Chekhov and his exhortation to "cast the slave out." "The Slave Cast Out" is the real title of every great novel, which is to say, of every novel which has thrown off the shackles of the apparent and the temporal. Writers have had many names for the shackles from which they knew they must rid themselves before they could write truly. They include the attributes which result from having been narrowly reared, taught envy and suspicion and pride and intolerance, from having been persuaded that the supreme achievements are to be as "independent as a hog on ice"; to own property and to owe no man money; to confide in no one and to accept no confidences; to give but never to take, since taking imposes obligations; to claim nothing, protest nothing, expect nothing, but to get everything; to compete but to keep the fact quiet; to win but not to celebrate; to shrink from the new, the outspoken, the spontaneous; to ignore the self as body, the mind as creator, the human being as artist (and vice versa), the world as a source of art, and God as love. This is the world ingrained, the world as self and self as slave.

Freedom from this enslavement re-

(*Continued on page 44*)

—*Hans Namuth.*

JESSAMYN WEST, a lively, red-haired, copper-complected, middle-aged lady, has tried her hand at virtually every form of imaginative writing—novels, short stories, an opera libretto, a personal journal. A zest for trying something different is part of her nature: at home in her southern California kitchen preparing for a party she feels compelled to take a fling with a dish she's never cooked before. "Perhaps giving a party is like writing a story," she observes. "Failure is better than repetition." Her Hoosier Quaker heritage (she was born and lived in Indiana until she was six, attended California's Whittier College) provided her with the material for her first two novels "The Friendly Persuasion" and "The Witchdiggers." Her California girlhood found expression in her charming story of adolescence "Cress Delehanty." Her domestic life as Mrs. H. M. McPherson and her writer-on-location life when "The Friendly Persuasion" was being filmed in Hollywood furnished the grist for her journal, "To See the Dream." Just in the spirit of adventure she wrote the script for an opera about Audubon, "Mirror for the Sky." Now she has done something brand new for her: reflected on the art and craft of the novelist, with the results published on these pages.—BRENDA KING.

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Has Anybody Here Seen Madison Avenue?

By JAMES KELLY, *who leads a double life: as vice president of an advertising agency and as reviewer of fiction for* SR *and other publications.*

ACCORDING to the guidebooks, Madison Avenue is a longish thoroughfare stretching up and down the ribs of Manhattan upon which one can view shiny office buildings, tarnished but distinguished churches, small but fancy shops, and a daily cargo of tidily tailored people from the seven lively arts. By popular acclaim, Mad Avenue has also become the recognized national capital of uncountable mass communicators who distribute our goods and services, merchandise our political candidates, and direct the spending of nearly eleven billion dollars a year. Here is where America's tantalizing dream pictures are drawn. Here lies the commercial catnip for an apparently endless procession of television dramatists, novelists, and scenarists—

happily lured by the spectacular promise of the Madman in his native habitat.

With the entire population of the United States either pitching or catching in this Mad League, it is no wonder that writers can sell their stories about it. Rated by sheer tonnage of fiction and non-fiction alone, Mad Avenue today looms almost as big as the Civil War. The wonderment comes when one assays the output to find that the byplay of bedroom, bar, and mercenary "big deal" seems (regrettably) to have dragged a ripe red herring across the trail of meaningful art materials. Such beckoning titles as "Death of an Ad Man," "The Big Ball of Wax," "The Build-up Boys," "Pitchman," and "Please Send Me, Absolutely Free" have the old impact where it counts—at the point of sale. Socially indignant works in the vein of Frederic Wakeman's "The Hucksters" (grandpa of them all), Al Morgan's "The Great Man," and Sloan Wilson's "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" show where the shoe pinches; but they don't begin to show where the shoe fits or how anybody could possibly walk in it. The sad fact is that no writer has so far crossed over into the promised land. Or explored the virgin territory. Or taken a long, clear look at the solid lumber contained in the forest hidden by all those trees.

Any alert American who reads these books, watches the movies and television programs based upon them, or mingles with the guests at exurban cocktail parties can paint the portrait from memory. Grown a bit short in the wind and purple of cheek since leaving Mory's or Tiger Inn, the Madman appears as the account executive who is hired, fired, and vindicated by the narrowest of squeaks. Or he shows to advantage as the vice president who jockeys for position when it looks as though the days of Old J. B. are numbered. Cast in the lasting image of Clark Gable with sincere necktie and Ava Gardner *both* around his neck, our hero plays a good game right up to the final horn. Always, he exhibits the glamor and dash one might expect in a firmament dedicated to the perishable messages of Buick, Mum, Gleem, Wisk, Crackles, and dry beer . . . a satisfying proconsul to our dream-world of plenty. His mistresses are brightly coiffured career women working in the same advertising agencies who share a deep appreciation for martini-on-the-rocks. And—for wholesome counterpoint—a fresh-faced wife living with three healthy children in one of the widely

detached houses of Westport, Conn., or Nyack, N. Y., who conducts a busy family existence for which the symbol is far more PTA than Phallic.

By now it is also widely understood that the Madman is ridden with anxiety and insecurity, that he must battle ceaselessly for the catbird seat, and that he either dies very young (if he is a bad one) or that he repents in the end (if he is a good one) and gets into some cleaner line of work. This cleaner line of work quite often takes the form of writing a tell-all novel of the advertising business which may give the public exactly the redolent raw meat it is looking for but too often depicts the puzzling situation of feeding a snake its own tail. (Of course, one could argue that the snake *grew* its own tail and is therefore entitled to eat

it.) For better or worse, the novels in question function chiefly as a theatrical stage from which the writer can shake his finger and shout the tabloidal headlines eagerly awaited by hundreds of thousands of expectant readers who know in advance what he is about to tell them.

The Constant Reader of Madman novels will have noticed that no entry from this neighborhood has thus far won a Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award, or serious attention from serious literary critics. He listens a long time before he hears a group of literary *flaneurs* admit that such novels exist beyond the natural habitat of whodunits, sagebrush sagas, and cookbooks. He is not able to detect the novelist's honest urge to create a work of art independent of topical tags and enveloping background. Why, he wonders, with Mad Avenue looking so much like a sitting duck for writers with a working knowledge of birds, bees, human venality, and touch-typing, have all the shots fired to date been near (or far) misses?

One conclusion is inescapable. The image of the hapless Madman, as portrayed in books and good-naturedly accepted by the prototype himself, is caricature rather than character. Ah-ha, one can hear the novelist saying delightedly, all I need to do is bring "The Great Gatsby" up to date in a Mad Avenue milieu and work in what I know about the smart-set mores of Bucks and Fairfield Counties, West Hampton, and the duplexities of East 52nd Street. The pattern

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is clear, well-worn by a thousand typewriters aimed at bookstores and television sets. Who couldn't find good copy in the popular conception of Mad Avenue conspicuously at work in the fluorescent-lit backyard of show business or even more conspicuously at relaxation by the side of a sheep meadow or lying on the varnished deck of a Lightning? (Lift that glass, jangle those nerves, it's the irritation of repetition that does it, boy.) Nothing could be more logical than to write knowingly and Confidentially about Flora and the fauna of mass communications when that's what this Age practically is. Not the Age of Anxiety or Jazz Age or Dubious Age —an Age of Mass Communications. There's even a communications language—jargonesque, funny, full of oblique meanings and colorful quotables.

In plain fact, many of such fictional flights are put together by people who have worked in and around a communications world which stretches from Sardi's in the East to Romanoff's in the West. These authors may have a simple grievance to air ("I shouldn't have been fired"), a fund of vaguely disguised exposé material to impart, a desire to uncover clay feet, or just a shrewd Yankee streak of commercialism which tells them that enough Consumers are curious about Communicators to pay $3.95 for a little inside information. What more could a storyteller and his audience possibly ask for than the drama of big business with overtones of Hollywood, Broadway, and Boccaccio's "Decameron"?

Admitting that the Madison Avenue axis has upon occasion more than justified its bad press (for documentary evidence read the heady mixture of rumor and reporting appearing in the Madman's own weekly trade paper *Advertising Age*), one still

looks for competent novels to supplant fictional nonsense. And one needs more to fill the gap than the nonfictional horseback sociology of A. C. Spectorsky's "The Exurbanites," Vance Packard's "The Hidden Persuaders," and William H. Whyte, Jr.'s "The Organization Man."

So we must face the fact that Mad Avenue has not yet attained the literary status of Yoknapatawpha County, Brooklyn, the woods of Maine, or the slums of Chicago. Lured by visions of jackpot checks from book clubs, reprint houses, film companies, and television packagers, the dollar-bent novelist (who knows a good thing when he sees one) takes us

for one more spin around the track. Mad Avenue, like the Old West, therefore has become a rosy stereotype in American fiction. It is a neo-frontier with swashbuckling characters in natural drape suits moving sinuously through the glass doors of false-front saloons or advancing toward each other in the conference room at exactly high noon. Instead of the notched Colt Peacemaker, we have the knock-'em-dead punch line of a cosmetic commercial. Instead of the lariat, we now bring them in with the sexy picture and benefit headline. Old Paint never started off the mark any faster than Old Jag. Then or now, the names and numbers of all the heroes and villains are easily discernible. And when somebody discovers how to merchandise Bruce Barton with the flair now profitably employed for Roy Rogers and the late Davy Crockett, all the loose ends will have been tied up.

SURELY there must be more here than has so far met the willing reader's eye. The missing adhesive may not be as strong as glue, but it is stronger than martinis. When writers stop poking around for debris in the corners and look straight at the *Lebensraum* known as Mad Avenue, they will discover that depth is an effective running mate for the paper-thin dimensions relied upon so far. As the *real* Mad Avenue is put between the covers of a novel, the theme will be character not characters. Volatile human beings will be on display against a vari-colored background, but they will not be playing leading roles in a furtive peep-show. Conflicts there will be: between the advertising man and his client, between the harassed executive and his wife, between competitors for a job. There will be jealousy and hatred. There will be the honored man of no talent pitted against the forgotten man of merit. And a reader can at last observe the natural flowering of a personal service business where the only stock on the shelves is an idea backed by the face value of its creators. There will be satire and ridicule, of course. But—and this is important—there will also be virtue and merit. The shape of the theatre will not overwhelm the play on stage.

Mad Avenue does not suffer from limited literary potential, but it has suffered from the limited viewpoint of its biographers. Shakespeare himself would surely have felt at home in this arena where man's instincts of power, pride, sex, and fear are allowed to fight it out. Add a few ingredients such as ingenuity, courage, and personal loyalty—and you have a fertile ground for the seventeen basic plots and any fresh thinking that the serious novelist cares to contribute. There are lots of things dead wrong about Mad Avenue, goodness knows, but they're nothing trivial. Satirizable, yes. Pathetic, whimsical, ridiculous—yes. Unsound, uneconomic, spurious—yes. Chaotic, uncharted, unpredictable—yes. But trivial—no. Just like human nature itself.

The real fictional challenges of Old West and Old Mad Avenue lie in a

beckoning significance which reaches farther than the twirling lariat or the twisty headline. Old West long ago triumphed over its lurid billing to become known as a good place to live and work for those who took their Greeleyism seriously. And it is safe to say that today's Mad Avenue is no rougher than that Virginia City which began with the Comstock boom and won triumphantly through to the civilization of Lucius Beebe. The exciting outline of a new virgin territory can be dimly seen through the trampled dust of our current gold rush. But the reading public will have to be patient, of course, since it is well-known that psychic achievements take a while to catch up to technical skills.

One of these days a writer of stature and sympathy will come along who can penetrate beyond Mad Avenue's parts to get at their total sum. If he can think up a good drugstore title like "The Doomed and the Damned," he may even sell some books.

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If You Like Them Short

Fiction magazines continue to disappear, yet short stories continue to be written. Short stories do not sell well in book form, yet publishers continue to publish them. This week four intrepid houses have issued outstanding examples of this most demanding of fictional forms: on this page is a review of Frank O'Connor's Irish tales "Domestic Relations"; on page 18 of Alberto Moravia's "Roman Tales," and of two volumes that owe much of their inspiration to the American campus.

IRISH VIEWS: Frank O'Connor's short stories, as his new collection **"Domestic Relations"** (Knopf, $3.50) makes clear, have many of the qualities of finely-cut emeralds. They are small, yet complete in themselves; in shape they display all the marks of high craftsmanship; they catch the authentic sunlight without dazzling the eye, and for that reason are not wholly acceptable to those who are partial only to the more flashy diamond; and they are looked on with a certain jaundiced superstition in the land that Mr. O'Connor would never be caught referring to as "The Emerald Isle." They are also green—one of their few points of resemblance to the work of Sean O'Casey, with this important difference, that while O'Casey's greenness is an expression of an unconquerable naïveté, O'Connor's is that of a perpetual sapling.

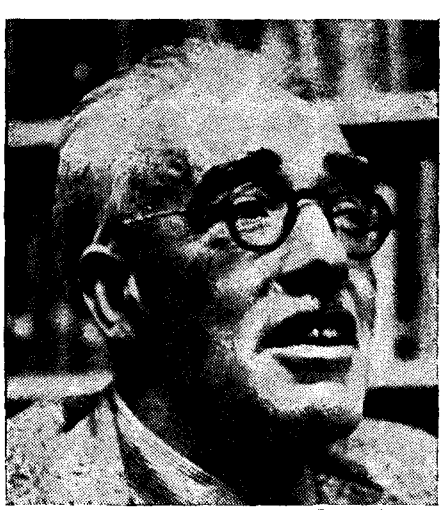
It is as if life had stopped short as a source of supply many years ago, when "Guests of the Nation" first appeared, fully equipped as the work of a writer of major proportions. Yet O'Connor is far from being either a Local or a case of arrested development, and might be expected to have found far more to write about during his last thirty violent years, when unneutrally battling with the world at large, than during his first twenty-five, when he had nothing worse to bother him than the Free State Army. As yet, however, there are few clues to be found in his work to indicate that he has ever left Munster, except perhaps the intrusion into the present volume of one or two expressions such as "the John" and "asses," which last is here used in a sense that is not generally understood in Glanmire.

This book contains fifteen vividly written items, all of which, with one exception, have already appeared in American magazines. The best are those in which the author approximates most closely towards giving us what he promises—a story. The others are well-drawn sketches such as an artist might make when planning out the details of a larger canvas.

One must not, of course, compare O'Connor to Joyce if one wishes to keep his friendship, because Joyce —according to O'Connor—was a tyrannical boss of his material, while O'Connor considers himself to be "instinctual," operating on the analogy of the internal combustion engine, by a series of spontaneous explosions. But we do find in this book, as in "Dubliners," the same progression from childhood—superbly etched in "The Genius" and "The Study of History"—to the maturity of "Expectation of Life"—a delightful study of a young girl who expects to be a widow, but whose elderly husband manages to outlive everybody. Life, to her, is like a movie house where a mad projectionist puts on the reels in the wrong order. Also, O'Connor has something of Joyce's autobiographical quality, though his observer is no single, tiresome Dedalus, but masquerades under a variety of pseudonyms.

Like many first-rate writers, O'Connor tends to talk a good deal of nonsense about his own processes, whenever he is rash enough to explain himself in newspaper interviews. Actually, these stories confirm the view that he has a much greater sense of form and discipline than Joyce ever had. Where the magical use of language is concerned—and in particular, in the creation of mood by the masterly use of clichés—there is no one to equal the old Maestro. But Joyce could never have risen to the supreme technical efficiency shown by Frank O'Connor in the construction of "Fish for Friday," every line of which is functional as regards the final effect, and which should be examined as a model by every student of the short story. If this is "instinctual," so is Euclid.

One may legitimately ask, however, at what point is Frank O'Connor going to move on from these artful snapshots to the major work for which he is so eminently equipped? This is not intended as any criticism of the short story as a medium for large writing, but of O'Connor's continued insistence that what used to be described as "Peasant Quality" in his Abbey Theatre days is the only material worthy of his pen. However charming it may be to get a glimpse of old Cork in the pages of *The New Yorker*, there is the danger of a certain tedium in a whole family album

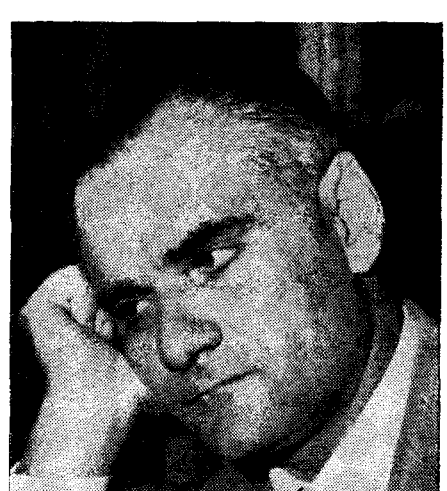


—*Louis Faurer.*

O'Connor—"perpetual sapling."

—*News Bureau, Indiana Univ.*

Yellen—"witty . . . mature."



—*Sandro Wespasiani.*

Moravia—"dispassionate brutality."

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of such views, no matter how expert the photographer may be.

—DENIS JOHNSTON.

TALES OF ROME: Alberto Moravia, if not beyond question the leading writer of contemporary Italy (in his own country, at least, his supremacy is still a matter of debate), is certainly the most widely-known abroad. He has a large public in America and the faithful will know what to expect in his newest volume. Yet **"Roman Tales"** (translated by Angus Davidson; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) do in a sense give us a Moravia hitherto unknown in English dress. For one thing they will serve to exemplify his skill as a short-story writer. Moravia has been turning out *novelle* for years; but this is the first selection to be offered to American readers. All the stories in this book are of quite recent vintage and all display the typical Moravian manner, which may be described as the employment of vigorous, dispassionate prose for the report of some brutal deed or the delineation of some unsavory character, not without an underlying stony irony. In "Rain in May" a waiter plans to murder his employer; in "The Go-Between" an avaricious woman trades on the passion of her admirer to squeeze another million lire rental out of her apartment; in "The Film Test" a chauffeur deceives two girls into thinking him a millionaire and finds the girls are not what they seem either; in "The Girl from Ciociaria" a country wench uses her simple untutored mind for a career of petty larceny in the city. And so it goes. All the characters are from the lower classes: at best, the very lowest level of the bourgeoisie, at worst, the professional criminal.

In all the tales the action takes place in Rome or its immediate environs and all the characters are drawn from Roman life. In recent years, Moravia has succumbed to the growing cult of Rome (not limited to Italians, either) and has taken to pinpointing his plots, fixing them on the Via dell'Anima or in the Trastevere or near the Acqua Acetosa, as the case may be. This gives the reader who knows Rome a kind of topographical *frisson* but in truth the characters themselves do not seem particularly Roman either in motivation or reaction. Greed, egocentricity, sensual materialism are not necessarily limited to the inhabitants of the Eternal City.

These stories lose a little by each other's company. It is better, if you have the leisure, to read one or two at a time. —THOMAS G. BERGIN.

CAMPUS VANITY FAIR: Around intentionally unspectacular "academic" subjects—a middle-aged professor's attempt to withdraw from what had become a meaningless existence and his subsequent efforts to rediscover his real self in a completely different environment; a department chairman's failure to defend a young colleague who has aroused the displeasure of the university administration; a refugee scholar's experience with racial intolerance at a large Midwestern university; the parting of the ways of two professors of English with an undue appreciation of the "good" things of life—Samuel Yellen has written a group of memorable short stories now published as **"The Passionate Shepherd"** (Knopf, $3.50). Mr. Yellen knows intimately the ins-and-outs of American academic life. A sound storyteller with a flair for wringing the last drop of suspense and drama out of a non-exceptional situation, he is also an expert craftsman. His stories are rich in tonal quality, written in an admirably varied prose which can be effectively simple when the occasion demands, poetic without being arty, full-bodied but never ornate. Most important of all, perhaps, Mr. Yellen is a witty, intelligent, and mature observer of contemporary Vanity Fair whose presence illuminates his stories without ever being overbearing.

Although the implications of his stories are serious, Mr. Yellen's presentation is deftly humorous. He is, to be sure, preoccupied with the less attractive aspects of university life; the petty intrigues, the constant jockeying for position, the meaningless cocktail parties. His stories, however, are neither farcical distortions nor dehumanized clinical studies; they are satiric without being bitter, warmly alive without becoming sentimental.

Similarly with the rest of Mr. Yellen's stories. Whether he turns to the trials of a Jewish working-class family in the Cleveland of his own boyhood, or writes of the fall from innocence of a high school romance, he is constantly in control of his material, never dominated by it.

It has become a truism that the short story, like the lyric poem, is essentially a young writer's genre. The conspicuous success of Mr. Yellen's fiction—he was born in 1906—repudiates the generalization. Indeed, it is precisely the author's thoroughly adult interpretation of the human comedy which is among his most conspicuous assets. "The Passionate Shepherd" is a notable achievement; in particular, the stories of academic life are among the very best in recent years. —WILLIAM PEDEN.

PROFESSORS AND WELDERS: Many of the twelve short stories in Daniel Curley's **"That Marriage Bed of Procrustes"** (Beacon, $3.50) resemble assignments done for a graduate seminar in "crea-

(*Continued on page* 39)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OH'S AND AH'S (WITH AN O OR SO)

Many lines of verse begin with Oh, O, or Ah. Below are ten such. Kindly determine which is which, and give the source of the lines cited. Where there is punctuation after the dash in the quotation, it is here omitted as being too revelatory. But all is revealed on page 44.

1. — to be in England
   Now that April's there.
2. — Yes! I Wrote the "Purple Cow"—
   I'm Sorry, now, I Wrote it!
3. — distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December.
4. — Captain! my Captain! Our fearful trip is done.
5. — weep for Adonais—he is dead!
6. — Sin was his name;
   And I shall not deny,
   In regard to the same,
   What that name might imply.
7. — drops of gold in whitening flame
   Burning, we know your lovely name—
   Daisies, that little children pull!
8. — take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
   Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!
9. — mistress mine, where are you roaming?
10. — what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
    Alone and palely loitering?

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Patrician Reformer

"The Democratic Roosevelt," by Rexford G. Tugwell *(Doubleday. 721 pp. $8.50), is a biography of FDR by a former brain truster. Professor Eric F. Goldman of Princeton University reviews it.*

By Eric F. Goldman

HAS any other President of the United States equalled Franklin Roosevelt in provoking so quickly so many good books about himself? Surely not Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, not even the rambunctious Teddy Roosevelt or the commanding Woodrow Wilson. And now the FDR literature is enriched by a book which is certain to rank with the top serious volumes of the new season. Rexford Tugwell's "The Democratic Roosevelt" is a big, meaty book, unabashedly addressed to a mature audience, richly informed, brilliantly speculative, and endlessly fascinating.

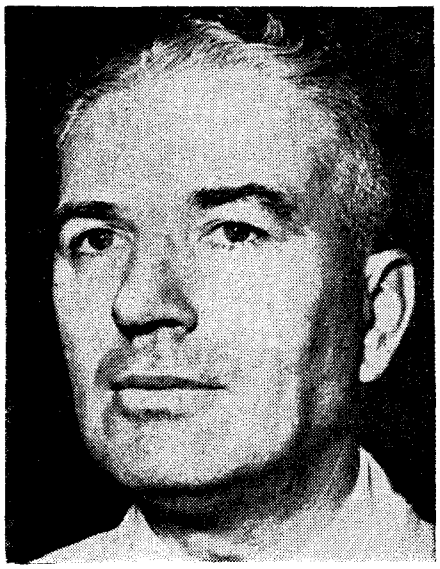
The volume abounds in new information, drawn from Tugwell's own experiences as an early brain truster and a long-time intimate in New Deal circles. But whatever the interest of the new materials, the heart of the book is Tugwell's analysis of Roosevelt the man and the leader. He sees FDR as a personality propelled by an inner drive of tremendous power. Such a personality, influenced by an aristocratic background, the pervasive tendencies of his schooling, and the example of his relative, Theodore Roosevelt, turned FDR into that special phenomenon, the patrician reformer. Roosevelt could be utterly contradictory and compromising in his drive to get and to keep power. But in his mature life he never questioned that power was to be used to "build," to use the democratic political processes to husband the nation's material and human resources, and to broaden social and economic opportunities for the individual. Roosevelt's confidence in this role was the greater because he had a deep-seated, if rarely articulated, religious faith, which made him see himself as an instrument of God.

Tugwell emphasizes the two streams of reform thinking in modern America—the traditional atomistic school which sought to go back to a system of small economic units, freely competing, and a second school, later in origin, which assumed the inevitability of big business, big labor, and big agriculture and sought to use big government to bring about a concert of interests. Roosevelt's inclinations ran strongly toward the second approach and the early phase of the New Deal was heavily influenced by it. Then, under a variety of pressures, the President swung toward the more traditional pattern of reform, and in the late 1930s the New Deal was talking and acting the anti-big business program of early progressivism.

Little of this analysis of Roosevelt and his program is entirely new. But it is rendered fresh and significant by the subtle knowledge of human beings and of the American scene which Tugwell brings to it. In particular the opening chapters, on the making of Roosevelt the patrician reformer, are biographical writing that is touched with greatness.

Later sections of the book, treating the second phase of the New Deal and the World War II period, do not maintain the same standard. Here Tugwell could call on less first-hand knowledge. Moreover, he himself is decidedly of the concert-of-interests school and he could not write with an understanding born of sympathy. As World War II brought a de-emphasis of all New Dealism in Washington, Tugwell's sympathies diminished still more and he makes plain his enthusiasm for Henry Wallace's call to a continuing crusade. At this stage the book loses its tone of mellow, detached analysis and sometimes slips into mere factionalism. The mood even leads Tugwell to dogmatic statements that are highly dubious, such as his assertion that the "execution" of Wallace as the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate in 1944 was a blunder from the point of view of both practical politics and the national interest.

Then, as the volume ends, the author is back to his former self, probing, deftly probing, the meaning of FDR's domestic and foreign plans for the postwar. Roosevelt would have gone on "building," Tugwell is sure, building toward a closer approximation of his conception of a just and kindly world.



R. G. Tugwell—"deftly probing."

Judicial Checks

"The Supreme Court: Constitutional Revolution in Retrospect," by Bernard Schwartz *(Ronald. 429 pp. $6.50), is a study of the work of the Nine Men since 1937, during a period in which they undertook to practice "self-restraint." Our reviewer is Alpheus Thomas Mason, author of the biography "Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law."*

By Alpheus Thomas Mason

ONCE again the Supreme Court is the focus of vociferous controversy.

Not since FDR declared war on the Nine Old Men have the justices asserted power of such broad sweep—vis-à-vis Congress, the President, the national administration, and the "sovereign" states. Twenty years ago government interference in economic affairs was promoted under the auspices of the general welfare. Today the rationale of government restrictions on civil liberty is national security. Popular reaction to judicial preeminence, as reflected in newspaper headlines for the two periods, are interchangeable: "Congress Stunned by Supreme Court Rulings"; "New Laws May be Needed to Curb the Court," etc.

The resurgence one witnesses in the Warren Court (especially in the 1956-1957 term) is the more remarkable in light of the fact that the justices since 1937 have been flying

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the banner "judicial self-restraint." Bernard Schwartz's timely book "The Supreme Court: Constitutional Revolution in Retrospect" tells with satisfying detail, sparkle, and penetration how "self-restraint" has been interpreted and applied in all the important areas of the Court's work since 1937. As his pages show, acceptance of this restrictive principle has not meant, nor was it intended to mean, self-abnegation, much less judicial suicide.

What cynics have said about God in the modern world might be said about the Court's unique role in the American political system: "If there were no Supreme Court, somebody would have to invent one." The Constitutional design of the framers embraces both a national and local scheme of political activity. The Constitution divides governmental power between the states and the federal government and parcels the authority of the latter among the President, Congress, and Court. Conflicts among these power-wielding authorities are inevitable and, because the Constitution extends judicial power to all "cases" and "controversies" arising under it, these differences come inevitably before the Supreme Court. Judicial self-restraint, in the sense of abnegation, as Mr. Schwartz's study persuasively demonstrates, is difficult, if not impossible to maintain. As a dramatic illustration of how the justices may be forced to take a stand on a hotly contested political issue, he relates what occurred in the Steel-Seizure case.

Under the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947, Congress provided a method of meeting emergency situations brought about by labor disputes. On April 8, 1952, President Truman, to head off a threatened steel strike, issued an executive order directing the Secretary of Commerce to seize and operate the steel mills. Did the President have, as Truman's action clearly implied, the power to choose means other than those provided in the Taft-Hartley Act for dealing with the emergency? On this question the two political branches of the federal government were disagreed. What responsibility, if any, did the justices have in resolving the issue? Since the Court, under the "self-restraint" principle, is not the primary resolver of the clash, the Court ought, if possible, to find ways of avoiding a decision.

But even Justice Frankfurter, the most articulate exponent of self-restraint, concluded helplessly that the Court could not. It seemed not a little ironical to the London *Economist* (and to others) that in the heyday of judicial self-restraint, the "weakest" among the three departments should "bring to heel the mighty: the President, the union, the industry, and Congress." All that was needed to produce this effect was the knowledge that the Court had seen and was ready to do its Constitutional duty.

This, and many other decisions of similar import (most conspicuously the 1954 ruling against racial segregation) support the author's considered judgment that, though judicial power "has come to be exercised more circumspectly than was formerly the case, . . . this scarcely lessens the importance of the power itself, or the essential part that it continues to play in our politics." The term of Court just concluded far from requiring qualification of these words, dramatically reinforces them.

Argonauts at Yalta

"Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin: The War They Waged and the Peace They Sought," by Herbert Feis *(Princeton University Press. 692 pp. $6.95), is a historian's examination of the Yalta conference and its consequences. Harold H. Fisher, who reviews it below, is chairman emeritus of the Hoover Institute and co-author of "Soviet Russia and the West."*

By Harold H. Fisher

> No more let us falter!
> From Malta to Yalta!
> Let nobody alter.

THE great Prime Minister wrote these inspired lines in an exuberant moment when the date of the Yalta Conference had finally been set and President Roosevelt had agreed to stop over at Malta en route. Mr. Churchill thought "ARGONAUT" was an appropriate code name for this conference and the President happily agreed adding: "You and I are direct descendants." Although the President and the Prime Minister were more richly endowed with charms and spells than most of their contemporaries in high places, they were not, as it turned out, able like Jason to put the old dragon to sleep and carry off the Golden Fleece.

On the other hand, as Herbert Feis shows in his new book "Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin: The War They Waged and the Peace They Sought," the Yalta Conference was not the humiliating defeat for the Argonauts or the sinister betrayal that it has been represented. This famous meeting was in fact the high point of the coalition that had begun formally with the Declaration of United Nations signed in Washington on New Year's Day 1942. It enabled the uneasy alliance during the last critical months of the war in Europe to get over some very rough places without breaking apart. It made some decisions, not all of them good, on the future international organization and on the treatment of Germany. It produced a Declaration on Poland and a Declaration

Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill—"not a humiliating defeat."

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on Liberated Europe, "a loose net of phrases" as Mr. Feis says, proclaiming principles already proclaimed and being violated at the time they were being announced. The President and the Prime Minister were in no position to force Marshal Stalin to live up to the principles he was willing to profess.

In the circumstances the important question, as Mr. Feis sees it, was "whether the Anglo-Soviet attempt to limit the struggle by a division of spheres of influence should be discarded for excellent political principles which might, however, in the circumstances, have wayward results."

The Americans, Secretary Hull in particular but the President also, were opposed to recognizing spheres of influence in Europe. For various reasons, some of them related more to domestic than to foreign politics, Mr. Roosevelt found it easier to accede to Marshal Stalin's demands at the expense of China than at the expense of Poland. Here again in the light of the existing situation in the Far East and the best-informed opinion that it would take eighteen months more to defeat Japan after the defeat of Germany, could the President have made a better bargain? Mr. Feis suggests that if he had been "more stubbornly patient and more patiently stubborn" some of the Yalta agreements might have been clearer and more favorable to the West. But, he asks, would clearer and better agreements have affected later events unless the United States had been willing and able to land troops in China and Manchuria and keep them there?

THE conference ended in a great rush and in a warm glow of friendship, of satisfaction over what had been accomplished and with hope that the sense of common purpose and good will would carry over into the period after the victory that was then in sight.

Soon after Yalta came the great advances of the allied armies from east and west. A brief moment of jubilation was followed by sorrow and mounting suspicion and tension in the liberated areas. The President, who after Yalta seemed to Mr. Churchill "to be placid and frail" and "to have a slender contact with life," died in April. The Germans surrendered and the Grand Alliance swiftly deteriorated even as the delegates of allied nations were meeting in San Francisco to draft the charter of an organization designed to give effect to the "larger purpose" that Secretary

(*Continued on page* 38)

EUGENE O'NEILL

Small Touch of Genius

"A Touch of the Poet," by Eugene O'Neill *(Yale University Press. 182 pp. $3.75), is a play about an Irish innkeeper and his family who live in early nineteenth-century New England.*

By Gilbert Seldes

ON the jacket of "A Touch of the Poet," Eugene O'Neill's just-published play, four respectable critics are quoted in praise of "Long Day's Journey Into Night" as "magnificent reading," as an "eloquent" address to the reader, and so on. Even with the echoes of the stage production of that play still in my ears, I cannot understand what these critics are talking about. Before the play was produced I reviewed it in these pages and, having been caught out by O'Neill before, prophesied that it would act well, in spite of the flatness, the staleness of its prose. This time I shall take my chance and say that "A Touch of the Poet" is as weak dramatically as it is flat or foolish in its text. No work of O'Neill's should be left unpublished—but this reworking of old themes might as well be left unproduced.

The extraordinary dramatic strength of "Long Day's Journey" lay in the duplication of the characters. By drink, by dope, by frenzy, each of the principal characters flowed into his or her shadowy self, the *doppelgänger*, so imperceptibly that we couldn't be sure, at times, whether we were listening to the "real" or the "other" self. In "A Touch of the Poet" we have only one principal drunkard, but the other main characters are just as likely to say one thing and contradict it and then compromise the contradiction—and all without rendering the person either complex or interesting. It becomes a theatrical trick—the blurting out of the truth, the hasty cover-up, of old bad melodrama.

The characters and the setting are from nineteenth-century melodrama, too, and at times one gets the impression that O'Neill is intentionally using the form of "East Lynne," as if to prove that he can infuse life and reality into it. The villain with the mortgage isn't actually on stage, but you can easily imagine him hovering in the wings. Offstage, also, is Henry

—*Carlotta Monterey O'Neill.*

Eugene and Carlotta O'Neill, 1931.

David Thoreau, the poet-rebel. He hasn't yet discovered that most men lead lives of quiet desperation—and neither has O'Neill.

On stage is Cornelius Melody, once praised on the field of Talavera by Wellington, now an innkeeper in Massachusetts, despising the slattern whom he married because he had got her with child, despising the child but slyly suggesting she get herself with child by the poet, and an assembly of riffraff, all going to vote for Jackson whom our hero despises. He quotes Byron—not the best of him—and dresses in his regimentals, and pretends to have been of noble stock. The poet's patrician mother and the family lawyer descend upon the inn to prevent a marriage, there is an offstage brawl, Melody gives up his fantasy of himself and symbolically destroys the one thoroughbred in his family—his mare—and announces his conversion to the common man and Jackson. His daughter has meanwhile seduced the poet—offstage, but the report on stage isn't pleasant. The end of the play is quite touching. The daughter is saddened because her father has given up his illusions:

Sara: May the hero of Talavera rest in peace! (She breaks

(*Continued on page* 41)

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The Saturday Review

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How to Taste a Book

WHEN I was a beginning instructor in Columbia College the common complaint was that freshmen couldn't write. Now it seems to be that they can't read either. And thus we dispose of Progress in Education.

In all seriousness, there is probably this much in it: As the number of technically illiterate people diminishes, the *proportion* of the technically literate who can read in the fullest sense of the word has decreased. The proportion, that is to say, of those who are both capable of and willing to make the effort of attention required if one is to follow anything more complicated than the simplest statement is smaller than it was when it was so difficult to get schooling that only those who really wanted it were likely to get it at all. Moreover, the present tendency of our society is to accept the fact of minimum literacy and to devise "visual aids" and simplified texts instead of trying to teach real reading to more than the select few.

For at least 100 years—witness J. A. Etzler, with whom Thoreau was momentarily taken—prophets have been telling us that the Age of Universal Leisure was just around the corner and that, when it arrived, everybody was going to devote his life to art, science, and philosophy. Actually, of course, most people really do have more leisure than they used to have and they may be about to get still more. Just how much of their increased leisure they will spend as prophesied is an open question, but I am convinced that it would be worthwhile for the schools they are compelled to attend to make a greater effort to teach as many of them as possible to do more than skim over newspapers and leaf through picture magazines.

Moreover—and on the basis of a few experiments I made many years ago—I believe that, within limits, it can be done, even as late as the college years. The process is rather hard on the dignified teacher who likes to think that he should concern himself with less elementary matters. If the assignment is, say, Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," this man wants to "supply the historical background," discuss the relation of Arnold to T. S. Eliot, or what not. But if he will stoop to taking a few sentences one by one, and ask a student just what the devil Arnold seems to be trying to say, he may be saddened to discover that said student hasn't the foggiest idea and doesn't really believe that Arnold is saying anything at all. But then our teacher may also be gladdened to learn that when the same student has had his nose rubbed into the text he quite often begins to appreciate that from Arnold's wordy puzzles it really is possible to extract an intelligible meaning.

On their own initiative a certain number of people have always taught themselves to read in this sense. But the majority still do not. The process of learning is too strenuous for the lazy; they must be encouraged (often also forced) to the trough. But if they ever do learn to read (either of their own accord or not), then most of "the problem of leisure" is solved already.

Suppose, now, that a given individual really does know how to read. How shall he practise that skill to get the maximum of pleasure and profit out of it? One answer, I think, is that once the skill has been adequately developed he may trust himself to read what he likes and in the way he likes. But perhaps that statement will stand a little amplification.

Mortimer Adler, in his well-known "How to Read a Book," describes a process which might better be called "How to Study a Book." He recommends much underlining, reviewing, etc. That is the way to learn to read and also the way in which certain books should be read by everybody. But not all reading should be study of that kind. Bacon's chestnut, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed," is still the most important thing ever said on the subject. As a matter of fact, more of this chestnut should be included: "Some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others."

Which books are to be read in which way is not a question to be answered once and for all. It depends not only upon the book but also upon the reader and even upon the moment. It is a question of what we want to get out of a particular book, and no man who has never read any book except carefully and all the way through can possibly have time to acquire that acquaintance with the prodigious number of books every intelligent man should, for his own satisfaction, know something about. So far as the great works of the imagination are concerned, the best advice is often that of Samuel Johnson: "Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare . . . read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators . . . Let him read on through brightness and obscurity; . . . let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators."

BUT this, of course, assumes that the reader already knows how to read. If he does not then the first thing is to learn, or to be taught. And that may require, as the elements of most skills do, labor. The danger always is, that in an Age of Leisure no one will want to labor, although without labor there can be no proper leisure.

—Joseph Wood Krutch.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NO TREATMENT?

After reading "Boredom, Brainstorms, and Bombs" (*SR* Aug. 31), by Clifton Fadiman, I experienced the pleasant sensation akin to that which follows a thought-provoking "bull-session"; a thing I haven't indulged in lately due to the television addicts among my familiar cohorts.

It was a pleasure to find my own disorganized musings among your printed pages and in such well-written fashion, thanks to critic Fadiman. Yet I wonder how many of the "playfully minded" will have parted from their toys long enough to read about themselves? The symptoms were excellently diagnosed, but Dr. Fadiman indicates that, as yet, no prescription is available for proper treatment.

Jennifer Taylor.

Schenectady, N. Y.

THE FOURTH B

One cannot but agree wholeheartedly with Fadiman except for a fourth "B"—Babies.

Mrs. Adah Maurer.

Chicago, Ill.

SLOPPY WALDEN

I sympathize with Henry Seidel Canby's sentiments (*SR* Letters, Aug. 31) on the subject of Walden Pond, but I think he is misinformed about its "old incarnation." I lived in Concord throughout my youth (circa twenty years ago) and it was a mess even then. It was crowded and littered. There were hot-dog and soft-drink concessions and a float. I have been away from New England for some years so I am not sure when the trailer camp and an unattractive outdoor eating building came into being, but there they are, very firmly ensconced right across the street from the pond, and they have the seedy, trampled look of things that have been there a long time.

Mrs. David Baldwin.

Waltham, Mass.

NO LONGER RARE

Walden pond *has been* a swimming hole for hot metropolitans for years; any summer afternoon has found the parking lots crammed with automobiles; there have been ice-cream stands at Walden for years (the ice wrappers are visible even in the spring mud of early April); there has been for years a trailer camp business just across the street from the Pond; there has been a beach there for years—a beach hopelessly inadequate to the demands placed upon it. In short, Walden Pond has long since ceased to be "that rare bit of natural New England" that Mr. Canby calls it.

David Horan.

West Acton, Mass.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"But there are so few German immigrants in this area. How many can you possibly sell?"

YEAR-TO-YEAR SHOTGUN

Why cannot Walden Pond be made a National Park by Presidential Proclamation? Why cannot the orginal cottage be restored, as were the original buildings in New Salem of Lincoln fame? Let the custodianship be awarded to a promising young writer armed with a shotgun and tear-gas if necessary, on a revolving year-to-year basis.

Kimball Flaccus.

Greensboro, N. C.

BRAVE NEW WORLD!

Perhaps the main flaw in Carl Bakal's educational-TV plan lurks in a passage from the article (*SR* Aug. 24). In an Arithmetic class the image on the TV screen tells the children to stand up to begin practice in counting—"Automatically the thirty children stand up—"

Brave New World, here we come!

R. H. McKitrick.

Anaheim, Calif.

CITIZEN GALLATIN

Samuel Flagg Bemis, in reviewing Raymond Walters, Jr.'s biography of Albert Gallatin (*SR* Sept. 7), speculates on "the Constitutional status of Gallatin, born in Switzerland, if he had been elected Vice President and Andrew Jackson had died in the White House." Professor Bemis apparently has forgotten that Article II, Section 4 of the Constitution reads as follows:

> No person except a natural born citizen, *or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution* shall be eligible to the office of President, . . .

Gallatin, having arrived in this country in 1780 and having attained the age of twenty-four years when the Constitution was ratified, presumably under the loose naturalization laws then in effect was a citizen when the Constitution was adopted.

Pierce Wood.

Dayton, Ohio.

Editor's Note: *The looseness of the naturalization laws before the adoption of the Constitution haunted Gallatin throughout his public career. While he was serving in the U.S. Senate and leading the attack on Hamilton's program, the Federalists, by a strict party poll, voted him ineligible to serve in the Upper House on the grounds that he had not been a citizen of the country long enough to qualify.*

VIVA LAS GAVIOTAS!

In Horace Sutton's article on beaches (*SR* Aug 17) he neglected Las Gaviotas Beach, three miles west of Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico. It certainly is the loveliest beach on the North American continent, white clean sand, with perfectly clean water, no seaweed or shells or dirt of any kind, a gently sloping floor. In places, because protected by offshore islands, there is but a gentle surf; in other places the surf is heavier and ideal for body surfing or surfboarding. It, too, is still unspoiled, but is being discovered and developed now.

Mrs. U. S. George.

Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mex.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Return of Carl Foreman

THERE are very few screenwriters who are as highly respected as Carl Foreman, this in spite of the fact that he has not had a screen credit since 1952. That was the year "High Noon" appeared (it was both written and produced by Foreman, then associated with Stanley Kramer) and it was the year Foreman's career in Hollywood was halted. He was called to testify before a Congressional Subcommittee investigating Hollywood "subversion," took the position (similar to that taken recently by Arthur Miller) that he could not "name names," was "repudiated" by Stanley Kramer, and was not listed as the producer when "High Noon" won the New York Film Critic's Circle award—an award that he probably should have received. As an "uncooperative" witness he shared the fate of other uncooperative witnesses. What was that fate? Foreman's case may not be typical, but it is nevertheless interesting.

Before going into it, it should be said that Carl Foreman is currently producing in England a movie called "Stella." It is from his own screenplay. The production is under the financial egis of Columbia Pictures. It stars William Holden, Sophia Loren, and Trevor Howard; it is being directed on location near Weymouth, England, by Carol Reed; its cost will be in the neighborhood of 2 million dollars. Behind these facts lies something of a story.

Foreman, after severing all relations with the Stanley Kramer Company—he had been a partner, and some thought the primary creative force behind the production of such pictures as "Champion," "Home of the Brave," and "The Men"—formed his own company, supported by no less a personage than Gary Cooper. But Hollywood, during that heyday of McCarthy, was plain scared (probably still is, to an extent) and Foreman was quietly discouraged from both screenwriting and production. Faced by the sudden and dismal end of a career that had begun so brilliantly and that had helped launch several other important careers in Hollywood, Foreman packed up and took his family to England, where, except for brief visits to the United States, he has been since.

Not long after his arrival in England his passport was taken from him. He received permission to stay in England, as a working resident, while he fought a legal action to get his passport returned. He won his case, but the litigation lasted three years. During that period Foreman did some work in British television, and also worked as an advisor and troubleshooter on several British films. In fact, he was made thoroughly welcome in England, and his talents were vastly appreciated. He formed an association with Alexander Korda, and up to the time of Korda's death was known as his "number one" man. Some of these movies in which Korda, and thus Foreman, was involved were regarded as among the best of recent years.

Foreman—"free to work again."

On many occasions Foreman was approached by American producers with screenwriting offers—without screen credit. Foreman took a stand that "blackmarketing" his talents would neither help himself very much nor the general situation. However, a little more than a year ago, encouraged by the return of his passport, he contacted the UnAmerican Activities Committee and was granted a further hearing. "I had been haunted by the feeling," he said, recently, "that I had never made myself fully clear when I was on the stand. I was under legal wraps, for one thing." Last year he returned to the United States and appeared before Representative Walter, chairman of the committee.

PRESUMABLY, during this hearing, the question of "naming names" didn't arise. It is understood that Foreman spoke his piece, told why, when he was in his twenties, he had briefly joined the Communist Party, and at the end

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of the session was termed a fine, patriotic American. Such was the "clearing" procedure. He was, it seemed, free to work in the American film industry again. Offers were not long in coming. He worked on the screenplays of two important pictures, receiving no screen credit because the situation evidently struck the producers as being still somewhat delicate. And now he is at work on "Stella."

Ironically enough, Carl Foreman has reached a position that he would undoubtedly have reached had the bitter events of the past five years not intervened. The "independent" nature of so much of the movie industry is such that abilities like Foreman's are desperately needed. With production dispersed in many areas besides Hollywood, the industry is not quite so vulnerable to pressure as it was once. But it can hardly be said that Foreman's case is symptomatic of a brave new attitude.

—Hollis Alpert.

* * *

A GOLD MEDAL award, carrying with it the respectable sum of 500,000 Belgian francs (about $10,000) in cash, has been announced as first prize at the International Experimental Film Competition to be held in connection with the 1958 Brussels Exhibition. The competition is open to all types of productions which fall "outside the familiar pattern of commercial film entertainment"; they may be 16mm or 35mm, silent or sound, in black-and-white or in color, and of any length. Any number of films may be submitted by one person, provided they were made after January 1, 1955.

Second place (Silver Medal) carries a $5,000 benefit, and six Bronze Medals will complete the awards. A selection jury will determine which entries are to be shown in the competition (April 21-25), and a competition jury (to be composed of "personalities from the worlds of literature, art, and film") will award the prizes on April 27, 1958.

Entry blanks may be obtained by writing to Mr. Jacques Ledoux, Curator, La Cinémathèque de Belgique, Palais des Beaux-Arts, 23 Ravenstein, Brussels, Belgium; these must be filled in and returned so as to be received by the Cinémathèque by February 1, 1958. Films will be forwarded at the shipper's risk and expense, and must be received in Belgium by March 1, 1958. Each film chosen for showing will receive a special Brussels Exhibition Medal; films which have already won international awards are not eligible for entry.

—Cecile Starr.

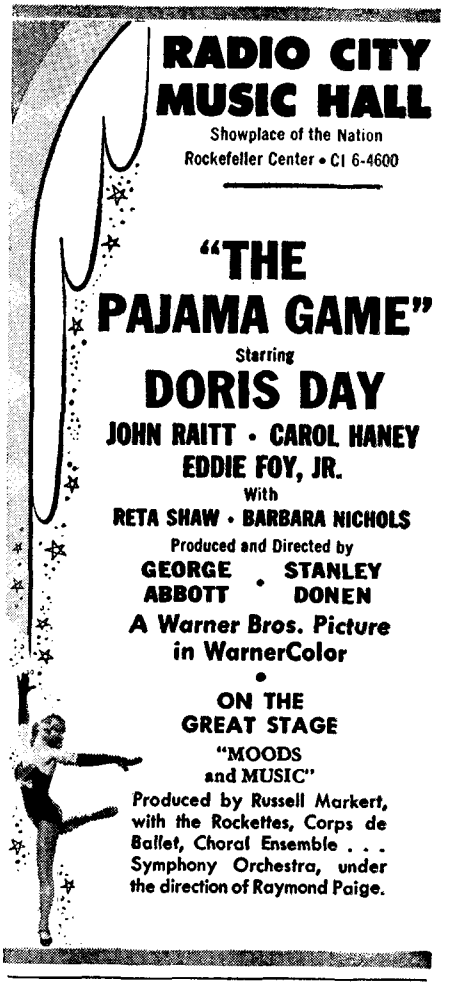
FOUR short stories from a prize-winning collection by Francisco Gonzales make up **"The Roots"** (Harrison), a Mexican film produced by Manuel Barbachano and supervised by Carlos Velo (both of whom were responsible for the recently-released "Torero"). A solemn prologue states that the roots of modern Mexico are the Indians, "on whose faces we shall see the virtues of the race: abnegation, sensitivity, stoicism, and dignity." What we see in "The Roots," however, is much less pompous and much more entertaining.

The first story, entitled "The Cows," plods slowly through a day in the life of a destitute young Indian family as they encounter cynical, selfish, and insensitive people. Only the handsomeness of the Indian faces, the casual manner of one performer (a cousin they meet in the village), and an occasional stretch of empty horizon are memorable. In "Our Lady" a blonde anthropologist named Jane bicycles into a southern village to measure heads, ask questions, test reactions, and make notes. When she returns a year later, with a copy of her printed thesis entitled "The Savage Life of the Mexican Indian," she nearly gets scalped. You'll never guess why, and even after you see it you probably won't believe it. But on the positive side there is some deft brutality in this portrait of a visiting lady scientist and in the faces of some of the watchful Indians.

"The One-Eyed Boy" has force as well as irony. Because he is considered bad luck, Angel (a boy of ten or so, with one bad eye) is the target of vicious attacks by the village boys. The boy seems resigned to his suffering, but his mother (powerfully portrayed by Antonia Hernandez) seeks a miracle to spare him these torments. This leads them first to an Indian seer and later on a pilgrimage to a nearby church. This latter sequence is a beautiful blending of documentary reality and story development, but I do wish that the short-story ending had not been quite so unsubtle.

The one sensational story is "The Filly," throughout which a beautiful, heady Indian girl is pursued by a middle-aging married English archeologist. His bestial persistence, his wife's equivocal behavior, the panting chases up pyramid and down beach, the passionate violence between heroine and villain add up to an episode that is as absorbing as it is absurd. The girl (Alicia Del Lago) is wonderfully graceful and serene, even in her most violent scenes; incidentally, she is the only one of the cast, all nonprofessionals, who is making a career of film acting.

—C. S.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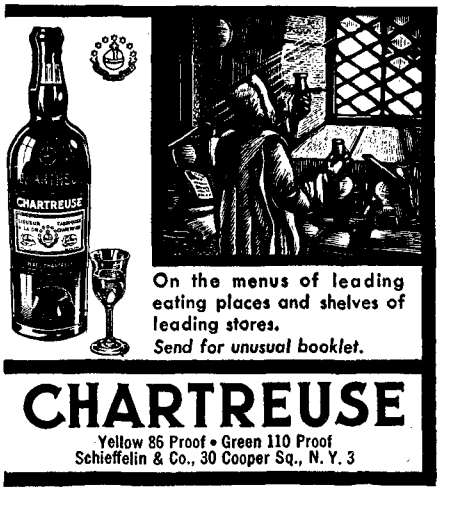
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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

1957-1958 Forecast

SATURDAY REVIEW readers, more interested in nourishment and stimulation than in smash hits and hoopla, should find the 1957-58 theatre season more rewarding than usual. While no plays of the stature of "Long Day's Journey Into Night" may turn up, the preliminary announcements indicate an extraordinary number of ambitious scripts by quality writers.

Listed on the right are thirty-one productions opening in the next three months. Of these, the plays taken from books seem the most substantial. At the same time, they also present the most formidable assignments to their adaptors. One, "A Boy Growing Up," has already triumphed in London and is highly recommended by this writer, who saw it there.

The imported plays are also pretested. "Look Back in Anger" offers the most exciting new playwright of this decade. It will move young audiences, even if it doesn't please enough of Broadway's middle-aged theatregoers to run for long. *Don't miss it.* The same goes for "Under Milk Wood," which emerges more comic in performance than it did as a reading. The rest of the imports promise more in their stars than in themselves.

Of the new American plays by established playwrights, William Inge's "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs" would appear to have the highest potential. And how good it is to have William Saroyan back in the starting lineup, after a fourteen-year vacation. Playwrights-on-first-Broadway-outing constitutes the most dubious category. Yet one or two of these should emerge as "promising," with Siobhan McKenna, Shirley Booth, Karl Malden, and Shelley Winters helping matters considerably.

The revivals are all worthy plays, into which some of our best performers and directors will, it is hoped, breathe new spirit.

Shed no tears for the musicals. They will stick around whether we praise them or no. A Harold Arlen score insures "Jamaica," and "West Side Story" has already received a favorable reaction out of town.

If none of these will do, don't forget that "Sunrise at Campobello," Dore Schary's play about FDR; Archibald MacLeish's new verse-drama about Job; "Winesburg, Ohio"; O'Casey's "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy"; Jean Genet's "The Balcony"; and John Gielgud in "The Tempest" will be along after the first wave of indigestion is over.

—HENRY HEWES.

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENS	THEATRE
BOOKS	MISS LONELYHEARTS, from the novel by Nathanael West	Pat O'Brien, Fritz Weaver, Loretta Leversee	Oct. 3	Music Box
	A BOY GROWING UP, from stories by Dylan Thomas	Emlyn Williams	Oct. 7	Longacre
	COMPULSION, from the novel by Meyer Levin	Dean Stockwell, Roddy McDowell, F. Conroy	Oct. 21	Ambassador
	LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL, from Thomas Wolfe's novel	Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, Gerald O'Loughlin	Nov. 28	Barrymore
	THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS, from Aldous Huxley's novel	Nancy Kelly, Alan Webb, Donald Harron	Nov. 29	
IMPORTED	LOOK BACK IN ANGER, by John Osborne	Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure	Oct. 1	Lyceum
	ROMANOFF AND JULIET, by Peter Ustinov	Peter Ustinov, George Voskovec, Jack Gilford	Oct. 10	Plymouth
	UNDER MILK WOOD, by Dylan Thomas	Donald Houston, Diana Maddox	Oct. 15	Henry Miller
	TIME REMEMBERED, by Jean Anouilh	Helen Hayes, Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Glenn Anders	Nov. 12	Morosco
	NUDE WITH VIOLIN, by Noel Coward	Noel Coward, Morris Carnovsky, Luba Malina	Nov. 14	Belasco
	MONIQUE, from the film "Diabolique"	Patricia Jessel, Denholm Elliott, Percy Waram	Oct. 22	John Golden
	CLERAMBARD, by Marcel Ayme	Claude Dauphin, Edith Atwater	Nov. 7	Rooftop
NEW	THE CAVE DWELLERS, by William Saroyan	Eugenie Leontovitch, Sue Harrison, Bobby Clark	Oct. 12	Bijou
	NATURE'S WAY, by Herman Wouk	Orson Bean, Betsy von Furstenberg	Oct. 16	Coronet
	THE SQUARE ROOT OF WONDERFUL, by Carson McCullers	Anne Baxter, Martine Bartlett	Oct. 30	National
	THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, by William Inge	Pat Hingle, Teresa Wright, Eileen Heckart	Dec. 5	Music Box
DEBUTS	FOUR WINDS, by Thomas Phipps	Ann Todd, Harry Bannister, Peter Cookson	Sept. 25	Cort
	SATURDAY NIGHT KID, by Jack Dunphy	Shelley Winters, Joseph Wiseman, Alex Nicol	Oct. 2	Morosco
	THE EGGHEAD, by Molly Kazan	Karl Malden, Phyllis Love, Biff McGuire	Oct. 9	Barrymore
	THE ROPE DANCERS, by Morton Wishengrad	Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Jenny Hecht	Nov. 20	
	MISS ISOBEL, by Michael Plant and Dennis Webb	Shirley Booth, Robert Duke, Nancy Marchand	Dec. 26	Royale
REVIVALS	THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT, by E. Labiche and M. Michel	Larry Blyden, Gerald Price, Harrison Dowd	Sept. 30	Fourth Street
	MARY STUART, by Friedrich Schiller	Irene Worth, Eva Le Gallienne, Ellis Rabb	Oct. 8	Phoenix
	THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET, by Karel Capek	Eileen Herlie	Nov. 19	Phoenix
	THE COUNTRY WIFE, by William Wycherley	Julie Harris, Laurence Harvey	Nov. 27	Adelphi
MUSICALS	WEST SIDE STORY, by Arthur Laurents, Leonard Bernstein	Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, Chita Rivera	Sept. 26	Winter Garden
	COPPER AND BRASS, by Ellen Violett, David Craig, David Baker	Nancy Walker, Dick Williams, Joan Blondell, Alice Pearce	Oct. 17	Martin Beck
	JAMAICA, by E. Y. Harburg, Fred Saidy and Harold Arlen	Lena Horne, Ricardo Montalban	Oct. 31	Imperial
	RUMPLE, by Irving Phillips, J. Schweikert and F. Reardon	Eddie Foy, Jr., Gretchen Wyler, S. Douglass	Nov. 5	Alvin
	CAREFREE HEART, by Moliere, R. Wright and G. Forrest	Jack Carter, Susan Johnson, Melville Cooper	Nov. 7	ANTA
	THE MUSIC MAN, by Meredith Willson, Franklin Lacey	Robert Preston, David Burns, Barbara Cook	Dec. 19	Majestic

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Royal Ballet and Its Leading Lady

FOR a season to start with a return visit of the best of Western ballet companies is as happy an augury for what is to follow as one can imagine. Always regal as Sadler's Wells, it is now officially Royal, and the greeting its members received on their return to the Metropolitan for another American tour could hardly have been greater had each member of the audience participated in the upgrading. In a way they did, for it is well known that the esteem earned in this "colony" had a profound effect on opinion in the Motherland.

To be factual, the warmth and gratitude of the audience was directed largely at Margot Fonteyn, whose Princess Aurora in "Sleeping Beauty," with which the engagement opened, is among the authentic artistic wonder-works of our time. One could sense a new keenness of interest in the audience as the Tchaikovsky music announced her appearance, and what was past, truly, was prologue. The outburst that greeted her was but a whisper beside the roar that rewarded her dazzling performance of the "Rose Adagio." It is, if possible, more a bravura piece than ever, the attitudes a trifle longer held, the sharpness of line more strongly etched than before. Combine this with a musical sense of the subtlest sort, and you have the phenomenon that is Fonteyn.

When you don't have Fonteyn, however, you don't have quite as good a "Sleeping Beauty" as the non-Royal but regal Sadler's Wells used to give us. Dame Ninette de Valois, as directress, has done very well to bring along such bright young dancers as Merle Park and Annette Page for prominent parts — Rowena Jackson, Rosemary Lindsay, and Anya Linden have been with us before—but it is much to ask of even so fine a young dancer as Svetlana Beriosova to carry Beryl Grey's scepter as the Lilac Fairy. I also missed Pamela May as the Queen (Julia Farron does it acceptably), Violetta Elvin doing the Bluebird, Alexis Rassine and John Field in the male contingent, etc. Perhaps we are spoiled—but, let us remember, it was the Sadler's Wells that spoiled us.

Hugo Rignold led the music with decision and rhythmic impact, though his physical mannerisms seemed confusing, at times, to the players. Doubtless both sides will make the necessary adjustments in the weeks to come.

• • •

AND what of Fonteyn herself, who bears an even greater burden of "star" responsibility, now that Moira Shearer has turned to a dramatic career and Beryl Grey is devoting herself to solo performances? She goes on, imperturbably, if at a somewhat more measured pace, especially where "Lac de Cygne" is concerned. At a recent meeting she quoted, approvingly, the great Soviet ballerina Galina Ulanova's belief: "Ballet dancing should not be a trade," and added: "Of course, conditions with us are very different from those in her country. But to do something so often that it lacks freshness and spontaneity—that I can't face." She must also consider a foot condition which leaves her at less than her best when worked too hard.

In the distance looms a time when she can enjoy the house she and husband Roberto Arias, the Panamanian ambassador to the Court of St. James, occupy in South Kensington, near London's Albert and Victoria Museum. But for that, there is "no timetable. Neither of us believes in long-range plans," she said, "because things can change too quickly. My husband was in Panama one day recently, dropped into London the next, was off for Brussels the day after, and back in Panama the day after that. I wished I could have gone with him, but there was work to be done. Someday I will —but neither of us has any idea when that will be."

Had he adjusted to her "nomadic" life? "On the contrary," she answered, "our trips are planned a long time in advance. His happen from day to day." Last fall's visit with her partner Michael Somes to the Johannesburg Festival was destined months ahead, for the days when Ulanova was dancing "Giselle" in London. Fonteyn, however, had seen the opening "Romeo and Juliet." "I thought she was wonderful. In fact, the whole production knocked me sidewise. I had seen it previously in the film, and got a lot out of it. But the impact in the theatre was a totally different thing."

Where films as well as other things mechanical are concerned Miss Fonteyn doesn't hesitate to describe herself as "quite antiquated. We have a television in the servant's quarters, but we wouldn't know where to put one in the house." The notion of performing one of her great roles—Princess Aurora in "Sleeping Beauty" or Odette-Odyll in "Lac de Cygne"—for the films leaves her not merely apathetic but actively opposed. "The wonderful thing about the theatre to me," she explains, "is when the curtain comes down, it's over and gone. If it has been a good performance the audience remembers it that way. If some things have gone wrong, there's nothing left to prove it."

"Yes," she said, in response to a query, "I have seen the Pavlova film, and learned a great deal from it. I first saw it when I was just starting, and all I could see in it were the things I didn't like, the knees that came together when they shouldn't, etc. Then a group of us saw it again recently, and it was quite a different experience. Freddie (Ashton) had one opinion and Michael (Somes) had another. I felt that so many things had changed with the audiences in these years, Pavlova herself would have changed too."

How about a documentary, as a "public service"? "For posterity?" she inquired. "I like to quote what Sir Laurence Olivier said in that connection. 'What has posterity ever done for me?' Would we all be better off if there was a film of Taglioni? We know she was a great dancer, but would the legend of her greatness stand up in a medium that only shows a part of a performance? For one thing, it is well-known Taglioni was quite ugly. Isn't it better to read about the impressions she made on her contemporaries and recreate, mentally, what she might have done, than to see a picture which might emphasize the less attractive parts of her greatness? After all," she continued, "styles of acting change. Possibly if the present-day audience saw a picture made in Sarah Bernhardt's time, they would roll with laughter."

Her underlying emphasis seemed to be, as it often is with other great interpreters, that there is always some detail that could be improved, something which leaves one with a lingering sense of unfulfilment. "When I was a young dancer I used to be quite happy with myself, for a couple of years. But I soon got over that."

As she went on to suggest, there are compensations. During the war, when she was doing "Spectre de la Rose," she had the opportunity for priceless sessions with the fabled Karsavina, for whom (together with Nijinsky) Fokine created the ballet, and who is now living in London. "It didn't mean as much to me as it should have," Fonteyn says. "I really didn't know enough to appreciate

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what she was trying to convey." Recently she and Somes had the same opportunity, this time to work on "Giselle" with Karsavina. "It was a revelation. Nothing to do with large effects, or big lines, nothing but tiny details. A foot in front here, a foot in back there. The hand tilted up in one place, or down in another. But what a tremendous difference one could feel in doing the performance. To a dancer such assistance is a tremendous help, because we cannot see what we are doing—the mirror only shows a part, in one dimension only—we have no canvas to touch up, or a sound to play back."

This brought us to the present production of "Petrouchka" and the enormous contribution made to it by Serge Grigoriev, regisseur for the Diaghilev ballets and such descendants as the Ballets Russe de Monte Carlo, and his wife, the well-remembered ballerina of similar affiliations, Liubov Tchernicheva. "They were absolutely wonderful for the whole company," said Fonteyn. "Together they could do every part in the whole ballet, from the Moor or Petrouchka or the Ballerina, to a merchant, a peasant or a street-dancer in the crowd scenes. Tchernicheva is such a marvelous mimic she can give you the facial expression with a smile or a frown, so you see the whole character. Grigoriev can strike a pose and actually demonstrate why a rich merchant would stand one way, or hold his hand, while a peasant or a sailor or any other member of the crowd would do it another way."

"Petrouchka," then, was a natural venture for the company after their first Stravinsky-Fokine ballet "The Firebird," which continues in the repertory. "I enjoy 'Petrouchka' enormously, not because I have a big part" —the Ballerina, of course, is a key role in the puppet play, but only one of several—"but because it is such fun to do, with the other fine character roles, the ensembles with the crowds, and above everything else the wonderful score." This led, digressively, to mention of a conductor who had made a good impression with some music-minded members of the audience when the company was last in New York. "Not with the dancers," said Fonteyn firmly. "He was too arbitrary with tempo changes. Nothing flowed. . . ."

However, if "Firebird" and "Petrouchka" would flow into such other Stravinsky ballets as "Les Noces," "Baiser de la Fee," even perhaps "Le Rossignol," it would be a boon for all. With or without "timetable" one suspects such a program would enlist the Fonteyn sympathies for some time to come. —Irving Kolodin.

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Brundage and the Bulgars, and Other Stories

IN A week in which nearly 10,000 travelers arrived back in the United States on one day in one port, all sorts of news erupted concerning new places to go, new ways to get there, and whether a man's government had a right to keep him from going where he wanted.

First off, the State Department relaxed a seven-year ban on tourist travel to Bulgaria, which had been imposed when the Bulgarians asked for the recall of U. S. Minister Donald R. Heath in 1950. The softening of the State Department regulation with regard to Bulgaria came about because the International Olympic Committee decided to hold its September 1957 meeting in Sofia. The president of the Committee is Avery Brundage, an American who found himself in the position of being president of an international group which was to hold a meeting in a country which his government forbade him to visit. Brundage turned to Gabriel Reiner, president of Cosmos Travel Bureau, who has been a consultant to the U. S. Olympic Committee for many years.

Reiner took up the matter with the State Department, which offered the simple equation that since there are no diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Bulgaria, no U.S. citizen could be granted permission to visit that country. Mr. Reiner continued his pressure and ultimately, whether due to his efforts or Washington's own separately deduced opinions, Mr. Brundage was permitted to cross the Bulgar border. Later the State Department said it was relaxing the ban entirely, because to continue it in order to keep Mr. Brundage from attending his own meeting would make the government look foolish abroad, an appearance it allegedly doesn't want to foster.

Subsequently, Washington also approved the relaxation of the ban for Prentiss Cobb Hale, president of the Organizing Committee for the winter games which will be held in California, for Robert DiGiorgio, a member of the committee, William Orrick, Jr., legal counsel, and H. D. Thoreau, executive secretary of the California Olympic Commission appointed by Gov. Knight to supervise the expenditure of nearly $8,000,000 in California cash.

Future travelers to Bulgaria will be considered on a case-by-case basis, depending, Mr. Dulles's bureau explained, on whether the case is in the "national interest." As far as the mechanics are concerned, once a U.S. passport has been validated for entry to Bulgaria it is up to the Bulgarians to issue a visa. Since they have no consular officials here, they are arranging to issue the visa in the form of an identity card on a separate piece of paper. The card will be sufficient for entry and exit.

Although American travelers will soon be returning with first-hand reports of their Bulgarian adventures, here is what we know about Bulgaria:

It is a rectangle of land about the size of Ohio and with just about Ohio's population (6 million plus). It is hemmed in by Yugoslavia on its western border, by Romania on the north, and by the west shore of the Black Sea on its east. Everybody got that?

On the south it has for neighbors both Greece and the chunk of Turkey that lies within Europe. Bulgaria grows tobacco, grain, and roses and at one time it was very active in the production of attar of roses, but no more. Underground, Bulgars are active in the coal mines, iron mines, salt mines, and Bulgar politics.

MOST of the people are indeed Bulgars, but there is a small Turkish minority which also doubtless accounts for a religious minority of Moslems although there are more Moslems than there are Turks. Better than three-quarters of the people would be worshiping at the Orthodox Eastern Church if churches are still flourishing in Bulgaria.

There have been a number of kings named Simeon and Boris. The last of the Borises, who was Boris III, became something of a dictator in 1935 and led the country into affiliation with the Axis powers. German troops came in and Bulgaria moved into Yugoslavia and Greece. It also declared war on England and on us, but it did not declare war on Russia. Boris III died under rather strange circumstances in 1943 and he was succeeded

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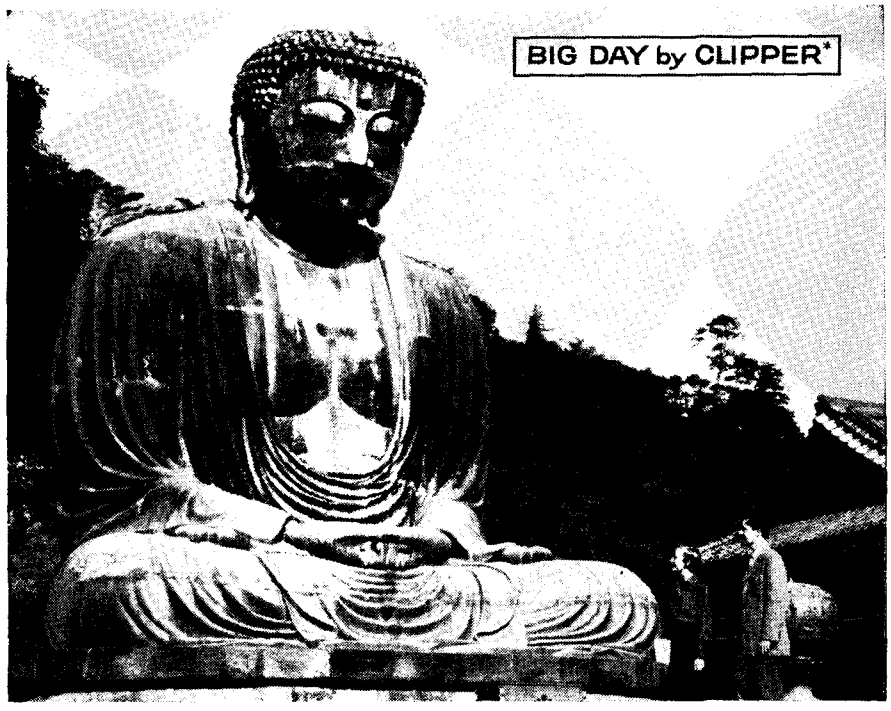
by Simeon II, who was merely an infant. Simeon was eventually succeeded by the Communists, for Russia declared war on Bulgaria in September 1944 and a group opposed to the monarchy of Simeon II—they were Communists, pro-Red army officers, and Agrarians—took over the government and steered it into the Russian camp. The head of the Agrarians, one Nikola Petrov, was knocked off in 1947 and that left the Soviets.

Sofia, which presumably will be the main sight for visiting tourists, became the capital of Bulgaria in 1878. It has many churches and mosques, and once was the seat of Turks governing Rumelia, part of the old Turkish empire which included Albania, Macedonia, and Thrace. It is ensconced on a high plain, has a population of half a million, and lies in the western part of the country near the Yugoslav border. We don't know how traveling conditions are there today, but we know one travel joke about the place and it is credited to Robert Benchley. He is said once to have said that traveling with children was like traveling third-class in Bulgaria.

In addition to Bulgaria, the U.S. was also said to be considering lifting the travel ban to Albania. It is quite possible that the Soviet Union might not look kindly on Americans junketing about that Adriatic land since the Reds have been building bases for the Soviet Navy there. It is also quite possible that not many Americans would be interested in traveling there, except for those who would like to add another pelt to the belt.

IN THE midst of all this, the people on the far side of the Iron Curtan embarrassed us a bit by flying one of their full jet commercial transports into the U.S. They had wanted to make a grand entry at Idlewild Airport, but the Port of New York Authority said it had to test the noise levels of the plane before it landed at that paragon of plane fields, New York International Airport. The ship was shunted off to McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey. The noise-level tale, whether it was a counter-propaganda move or a legitimate requirement of the Port of New York Authority, which had already allowed a French jet to land there (after noise level tests), was surely not going to be swallowed any better in Russia than some of the Russian restrictions laid down on Scandinavian Airlines when SAS and Aeroflot concluded a mutual agreement were swallowed in the West. At that time SAS was required to fly into Moscow not American made DC-7s, nor DC-6s, nor DC-4s, but old Scandinavian-made, non-pressurized Scandias which would not overshadow



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the Ilyushin 12s, a non-pressurized Convair type airplane in service on most Russian routes.

The Russians, of course, could tell the world that we would not let them land their TU-104 at Idlewild because we were afraid of displaying the superiority of Soviet aircraft to the American people. Reporters and photographers who journeyed to Jersey for the arrival of the TU-104 told the U.S., however, that it is in fact a TU-104A, has fifty-four seats in the main compartment, a small private forward compartment for the People's VIPs, two jet motors, and two uniformed hostesses who seemed infinitely more attractive than those who were aboard Aeroflot's airplanes last year. The TU-104A took just under twenty-two hours to make the hop from Moscow, and its arrival created much conversation, particularly from officials on *their* side who said that this flight was a harbinger of regular service between the U.S. and the USSR. Pan American holds the Moscow route from the U.S. if the deal goes through.

MEANWHILE, back on the Yangtse, the American students who had gone to Moscow for the youth festival continued their tour of Communist China. On the one hand, they visited two Americans who were shot down over northeast China in 1952 and imprisoned, one for life and one for forty years, on the charge that they were spies. On the other hand, leaders of the American group were said to be collecting signatures for a letter to be sent to Chief Justice Warren asking whether "freedom of travel as represented by a passport is the basic right of all citizens or only a privilege arbitrarily granted by the State Department." Some twenty-five of the digressing delegates have signed and the leaders express high hopes for a unanimous approval by all forty-one travelers. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tales

TRAVEL ON A BUDGET: Undoubtedly one of the most helpful travel guides we have seen in a long while on how to go abroad and remain solvent is **"Europe on $5 a Day,"** by Arthur Frommer (Greenberg, $1.95). Not a guidebook in the usual sense, it leaves the task of describing the principal places of interest to the more standard travel books. Rather, it contains that kind of miserly know-how that travelers gather, bit by bit, from each other, guard as carefully as their passports, and regret that they never had before they took their first trip to Europe. Specific data is provided for each of twelve European cities: where to eat and stay, what to do, and exactly how much it will cost. There are sections on a special starvation budget and the occasional big splurge, as well as chapters which plot out some of the mysterious systems of getting to Europe on a limited budget, translate menus, and describe how and where to change dollars into foreign currency. And certainly well worth the price of the book alone is a concise railway timetable of the major European expresses. The recommendations are meant to provide a normal vacation for the American tourist and should prove to be his bankbook's best friend. —JEANETTE WAKIN.

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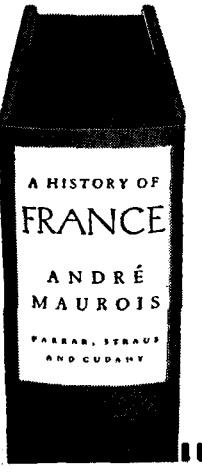

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HENRY JAMES

Two Selves at War

"The American Henry James," by Quentin Anderson *(Rutgers University Press. 369 pp. $6.50), is a reinterpretation of the great writer's work in the light of "the bootstrap myth," the assumption that we can hoist ourselves to glory by divinely creative powers within us. Our reviewer is Professor G. Armour Craig of Amherst.*

By G. Armour Craig

TO SEE ourselves as others see us, as Robert Burns said, may well be the first step to sanity. But for the elder Henry James, whose energetic religious musings were conducted in full sight of his gifted family, the final step to salvation is to see others as we see ourselves. That we can so see ourselves, that we can participate in a vision in which each individual is made universal without compromising the exaltation of any other individual—such is the pious expectation of "the bootstrap myth," the belief which Quentin Anderson's vigorous and important book "The American Henry James" says is central to an understanding of Henry James the novelist.

The bootstrap myth, moreover, holds that the one rises undiminished to the harmony of a united many without the intervention of any institution. Henry James senior and his son after him, Mr. Anderson asserts, were radical protestants: like Emerson and Thoreau they took upon themselves, the younger Henry without conscious critical choice, the burdens that had earlier been distributed between Church and State. "They tried to stuff into the self what society had ceased adequately to represent." They believed that regeneration, salvation, even the incursion of grace, are a human, "this-sided" drama.

The bootstrap myth, the unquestioned assumption that we can hoist ourselves, and *all* ourselves, to glory by the divinely creative powers in each of us, this myth, Mr. Anderson argues, surrounds the major works of Henry James just as Aquinas and Ptolemaic astronomy surround "The Divine Comedy." Mr. Anderson's main thesis, indeed, is that James's last three finished novels constitute a trilogy "in which the bootstrap myth found its Dante."

The argument is original and deeply considered. First, Mr. Anderson recounts "father's ideas," partly by direct exposition and partly through the reminiscences and adaptations of the son. These ideas owed much to Swedenborg, but not less to the elder James's criticism of the transcendentalist version of the bootstrap myth. For he differed from Emerson by insisting that the moral drama is not a conflict between a creative self and a recalcitrant society but one between two selves or two parts of one self. One is "selfish" in something like the usual sense—appropriative, greedy, self-righteous. The second is aware of an "other"; it seeks not to engross the world for itself but to represent the world of others. Indeed, for the elder James, to rise to full perfection of life is "to be made social out of moral": man must "create a new sanctuary, a new vessel of the spirit," and in doing so he will create a "community," the community of "the new Jerusalem" that supersedes church and state.

BUT second, and most important, Mr. Anderson examines a sequence of stories and novels to show us these "ideas" at work, in the works. His interpretation discriminates "The Portrait of a Lady" from "The Bostonians," for example; it makes "Washington Square" much less important than such a story as "The Jolly Corner." And the works it finds most relevant it clarifies for the most naive reader—for example, the reader who is puzzled by the conclusion of "The Portrait," or who cannot understand the whining presence of Lionel Croy in the final pages of "The Wings of the Dove." But the interpretation is mainly addressed to the "emblematic significance" of the great trilogy, "The Ambassadors," "The Wings of the Dove," and "The Golden Bowl." Here Mr. Anderson shows how the father's doctrine of opposition in the self appears and reappears in the dramatic relations of the main characters, and how this opposition develops into the son's complex version of the father's "new vessel of the spirit" and new community of "the new Jerusalem."

This is a large work and a bold one. It runs risks that most scholars prefer to avoid or are incapable of taking. But Mr. Anderson himself clearly states the greatest problem raised by his argument. For he insists not only that James intended us to read his great novels allegorically but also that "he was clearly unaware that his sense of humanity was emotionally so private and historically so special that his scheme could not be apprehensible unless the reader used his father as a guide." Mr. Anderson is convinced that Henry James believed "the world can be saved by American good faith." But he recognizes that we must ask of this belief an urgent question: "How did James's ultimate humanism, so logical a development of the views of his father's generation, become unimaginable to us?" The problems addressed by this book are not academic, the insights it generates are not simply literary. It is the work of a mind large enough to confront the hardest questions raised by the fate of a very great American writer.

—*Painting by Emile Blanche.*

Henry James—"believed in good faith."

JAMES IN SHORT: Charles G. Hoffman in **"The Short Novels of Henry James"** (Bookman Associates, $3.50) analyzes the achievement of perhaps our greatest master of the genre to discover James's short novels significant in their mirroring of his literary development and as a form in which he developed most rapidly as an artist, sometimes "using the short novel as a means of experimenting with techniques and themes that were later and more fully elaborated in the long novels." Mr. Hoffman is himself a skilled workman and provides expert documentation in matters of fictional techniques. —LEWIS LEARY.

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At Home Abroad

"Passport to Friendship," by William Peters *(Lippincott. 286 pp. $3.75), tells the story of the Experiment in International Living, an organization which sends college students abroad to live with families during summer vacations. Ruth Dunbar, education writer for the* Chicago Sun-Times, *is our reviewer.*

By Ruth Dunbar

EVEN when barriers of distrust and hostility separate nations, individuals living on different sides of the barriers can remain friends. And such international friendships, based on first-hand knowledge of how others live and think, can become the building blocks of world peace. That is the faith that underlies the Experiment in International Living.

In "Passport to Friendship," William Peters tells the story of this twenty-five-year-old project that has pioneered in developing a practical, person-to-person approach to international understanding. It is a story that should interest educators, parents, and young people who might not be aware of the unusual opportunities afforded by this venture, which if it hasn't changed the world, has changed the lives of many individual participants.

The basic plan of the Experiment is to send groups of about ten persons mostly between the ages of sixteen and thirty into a foreign country with a leader. Once there, they separate to live with foreign families for a month, meeting occasionally to compare notes, discuss problems, or plan joint entertainment.

Following the home visit, the Experimenters return the hospitality they have enjoyed by taking young members of the families with whom they have lived on a holiday—usually an inexpensive, outdoor group excursion made by bicycle, boat, or on foot.

During the last quarter century, Peters writes in the dedication, persons from more than forty countries have been involved in the Experiment. Their experiences have had little in common with those of a tourist, for the person taking part in the Experiment goes not to see places, but to know people; he is not an observer of the foreign scene, but a participant in the everyday life of another country.

If his adventure has the expected results—and it's a personal experiment that can succeed or fail with each participant—he returns innoculated for life against blind national prejudices and stereotyped concepts of other peoples.

Peters has organized his book into sections which narrate the adventure and reactions of individual participants and sections which tell the story of the organization itself. Those parts that relate individual experiences vividly reflect the youthful excitement with which Experimenters set forth on the great adventure, the early misgivings they commonly feel when they first find themselves alone in a foreign home, and their surprise at the things that are so different from expectations. They also bear out the thesis of Donald B. Watt, founder of the Experiment, who was convinced that trifling differences in custom are what create most misunderstandings between peoples of different lands.

In a biographical chapter, Peters relates how the idea for the project grew in the mind of its Pennsylvania founder, a former YMCA secretary and college personnel director. He describes its recurring struggles with critics who disapprove of sending Americans into unfriendly nations.

Peters supports Watt's determined resistance to all attempts to limit the scope of the Experiment and his belief that his project is most needed where international misunderstandings are the greatest. Relating the experiences of R. Sargent Shriver, Jr., a three-time Experimenter and now president of the Chicago Board of Education, Peters shows that at least some of the young Americans who went to Nazi Germany as Experimenters returned with a deeper understanding of the trends of Nazism than Watt had himself.

Since this book is meant to be a full-scale account of the Experiment in International Living, one wonders why Peters does not quote from the organization's constitution, which he praises as a milestone in its development and which he says, spells out in ten concise statements the educational assumptions on which the Experiment is based. It would also be helpful to potential Experimenters if he had given more specific details of the financial arrangements. It is only near the end of the book that he refers casually to the fact that no money changes hands between host and participant.

The author has demonstrated convincingly that it is possible for young people to adapt successfully to any culture and that the rewards of the experience far outweigh the difficulties. Moreover, he persuades you that it's fun as well as educational to be an Experimenter.

Wild West

By Robert Boylan

NOW let us speak of cowboys who on swift
White horses over blue-black deserts sped,
Their pistols blazing and their proud blood shed
In paint-flecked shanties on the haunted cliffs
Or in the bars of ghost-towns. Let us tell
The legends of fierce heroes motherless,
Not Indians, not Easterners, whose quests
And daring deeds inscribed their names in hell.
Bravely they shot it out, did Wyatt Earp,
Billy the Kid, Bill Hickok, Jesse James.
Now what remains but moving-picture dreams
Of all that fury and fast villainy?
Lone cactuses where bullets spit and ripped
The courage of the eyelid from the eye?
A rusting stirrup and a rowel thrust
Up from the calcifying sun-baked dust
Where some unknown avenger fell to sleep?
A wind-blown piece of buckskin that looked grand
When it was stretched upon the living hip
Of him who lies now six feet under ground?
Cowboys were not immortal. All they did,
Guzzling and gunning, ended when they died.

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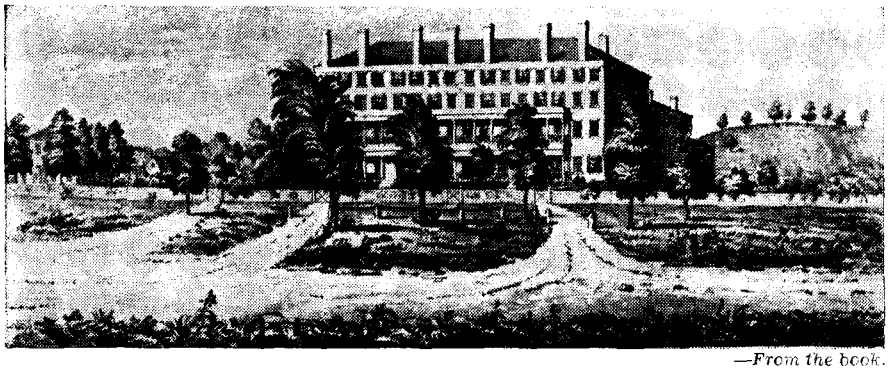

—From the book.

Mount Holyoke Seminary, 1837—"the fat and the lean years distinctly recorded."

American Academe

"The Liberal Arts College," by George P. Schmidt *(Rutgers University Press. 310 pp. $6), is a study of its role in American cultural history. Claude M. Fuess, our reviewer, is author of "Amherst, the Story of a New England College."*

By Claude M. Fuess

CHOOSING with discrimination from a rich accumulation of source material, George P. Schmidt of the Department of History at Douglass College, has produced an important study of the liberal arts college in this country. His method, topical rather than chronological, has enabled him to cover most of the significant aspects of the college, beginning naturally with Harvard in 1636 and coming down to the complex and often amorphous state university as it exists today. He deals with institutional origins, with educational trends, and with picturesque personalities, concluding with an eloquent justification of academic freedom, illustrated by the notorious Cattell case at Columbia. The book is well-documented, orderly, entertaining, and honest.

Professor Schmidt is a discerning commentator. He points out, for example, that the idea of a non-salaried, usually self-perpetuating, governing body of trustees is "uniquely American," and shows that, in spite of some unjustified interference with internal matters, such boards have supplied the popular support at times so badly needed. He includes a useful analysis of the functions and manifold duties of the college president, particularly those involved in his position as a public relations officer. One of the most readable chapters provides biographical sketches of eminent college administrators, among them the incredible Eliphalet Nott, president of Union College for sixty-two years, a patriarch and despot, with a tremendous influence on his students through his "multi-faced moral philosophy course." Schmidt pays a deserved tribute to such giants as John Witherspoon of Princeton, Timothy Dwight of Yale, Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, and Daniel Coit Gilman of Johns Hopkins.

Other interesting pages deal with the history of American architecture, as illustrated in university campuses, where "the fat and the lean years are as distinctly recorded as the annual rings of the giant redwoods, by the style of architecture which predominates." It is comforting to have him add, "The next generation will shake its head over the stark austerity and lack of beauty and ornamentation in mid-twentieth century structures, and will regard our glass-and-aluminum slabs with the same sophisticated condescension that we now bestow on the Tudor and Georgian frills of the generation before ours."

PROFESSOR SCHMIDT'S book, as I have tried to indicate, is no solemn treatise destined for the dusty library basement. It possesses in a high degree the twin virtues of humor and common sense. His account of the gradual change in examinations, culminating in the so-called scientific measuring and testing of our time, is as penetrating and soundly critical as anything I have read on the subject; and he handles John Dewey and Robert M. Hutchins, as exponents of rival pedagogical theories, with a summarizing clarity which is most refreshing. Moreover, his discussion of such extra-curricular activities as dances, athletics, and fraternities avoids the passionate prejudices which so often have animated disputants. He quotes with appreciation the answer of President Andrew D. White of Cornell to a challenge from Michigan in 1873 for a football game, "I will not permit thirty men to travel four hundred miles to agitate a bag of wind."

Merely for my own satisfaction I wish that Professor Schmidt had added a frivolous chapter on colleges in fiction, with some attention to "Dink" Stover and Frank Merriwell, the Princeton stories of Jesse Lynch Williams, and Owen Wister's matchless "Philosophy Four." But this would probably have been outside the legitimate scope of his project. Perhaps, with his acquired knowledge, he will some day give us a *SR* article on imaginary campus heroes. Meanwhile, he has produced a scholarly volume which is a comprehensive and authoritative contribution to the subject. It should be added that in design and format the book is a fine example of what a university press can do at its best.

Democracy's Campuses

"Colleges for Our Land and Time," by Edward Danforth Eddy, Jr. *(Harper. 328 pp. $4.50), is an account of the role the land-grant colleges have played in American life. It is reviewed by John A. Perkins, president of the University of Delaware.*

By John A. Perkins

"COLLEGES for Our Land and Time," a new book by Edward Danforth Eddy, Jr., vice president of the University of New Hampshire, comes as close to authenticating the history and contributions of the land-grant college idea as one volume is likely to do.

Mr. Eddy rightly reiterates that the land-grant story is not of one man or of one institution. Neither was this educational movement based upon a preconceived idea native to one locality. For this reason, the reader cannot expect the richness and intimacy of a biography or the history of alma mater. But what is inevitably lost in this respect is gained, at least in part, by increased scope and dimension. Eddy's story, the unfolding of an idea about education in a democracy, is sustained by many men, many institutions, and almost a century of time. The span of years is treated not by decades but by the land-grant movement's various stages of development. Professors who would understand the reality of their jobs, whether teaching in public or pri-

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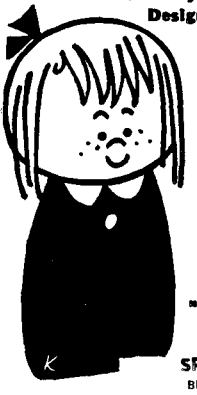

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vate colleges, will find this book more profitable than nostalgic browsing through Cardinal Newman's never-never land, "The Idea of a University."

The epic Eddy relates has more than one hero. Senator Justin Morrill sponsors the legislation; Evan Pugh of Pennsylvania and Jonathan Turner of Illinois popularize the educational longings of the "industrial classes"; President Abraham Lincoln, at one with the people in education as well as in other domestic matters, signs the Land-Grant act in 1862. Sterling as were the contributions of these innovators, the outcome described by the author as "Maturity, 1938-1956" depended upon many devoted teachers, scientists, and administrators as well as thousands of democracy's ambitious young people. As the story approaches our time, contributions, quite unjustly, seem less heroic. Perhaps years from now the introduction of television at Iowa State College and the seeding of land-grant institutions abroad by Oklahoma A. & M. College, the State College of Washington, and Michigan State University will be recognized as a great educational innovation too.

This readable history of the land-grant movement comes late. As a consequence, the contributions to higher education of these unprecedented colleges are not as well known as they deserve to be. Parts of their legacy have so permeated American colleges and universities as to be considered indigenous everywhere.

Moreover, these "Colleges for Our Land and Time" exemplify what can be accomplished when state and nation enter properly into joint financing. Variations according to the particular needs of each commonwealth are possible. Political intervention and fiscal neglect at the state level are mitigated somewhat by the presence of the national interest. Yet, the federal relationship has never become one of domination or control. A modicum of federal money has led to substantial state support. State and local pride have been heightened by the establishment in each commonwealth of at least one educational center commanding respect and esteem.

Recognition is given to the fact that it took courage in both men and institutions to develop democracy's colleges. They emerged amid scorn and derision from traditionalists secure in prestigious institutions. Even the people for whom these new schools were designed at first disdained them. Not so now. So well has the assignment been carried out that a number of these once maverick "cow colleges" are now listed not only with the "best of breed" but some are "grand champions"—the University of California, the University of Wisconsin, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for example.

The unanswered question is whether the universal acceptance of all the land-grant colleges and, indeed, the veneration accorded the best of them, will inhibit these institutions from making equally great contributions in the critical years that now lie ahead of higher education. Their obligation is heavy. The enrolment problem has in great measure been brought about by the land-grant college. For, as Eddy writes, "Born out of America's worship of education, the land-grant colleges strengthened that worship. Partially through their efforts, higher education came to be regarded as not so much a luxury as a national necessity."

Joys of Teaching

***"Why Teach?" edited by D. Louise Sharp** (Holt. 240 pp. $4), is a collection of brief essays on the pleasures and rewards of teaching. It is reviewed by Houston Peterson, professor of philosophy at Rutgers University.*

By Houston Peterson

D. LOUISE SHARP, dean of women and professor of psychology and education at Central Michigan College, is deeply concerned about one of the two or three most important problems in American life—the shortage of teachers, especially of good teachers. She therefore asked "outstanding men and women in the professions, industry, religion, politics, and the arts," to submit articles concerning their views on teaching, the influence of teachers on their own lives, or the satisfactions to be derived from teaching as a profession."

The result is a volume of 240 pages, with 120 pieces arranged in alphabetical order. Senator Margaret Chase Smith's contribution runs to fourteen lines, Helen Keller's to twenty-one lines drawn from her book on her famous teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan. I mention these naked facts not to be unpleasant but to indicate crisply that many of the "articles" in "Why Teach?" are so slight that they could have been omitted with little loss and many others are so lively that they cry for elaboration—at least to three or four pages.

Although all the articles seem to agree that teachers are consecrated, dedicated, indispensable, shapers to an immeasurable degree of the world's

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destiny, some are outstandingly successful in communicating the privilege of teaching—that wonderful though often painful privilege. These truly satisfy Dean Sharp's long-felt "need for inspirational material in the teaching field." Let me indicate several of my favorites. Duelle Clemens Gay who teaches in the Santa Fe city schools calls her piece "I Choose to Remain a Teacher" and begins with these words: "The goodbyes are over. The schoolroom is closed behind the last of my thirty-seven third-graders. The sound of the school bells is silent and will remain so for three months. In front of me is the invitation to come back in the fall." And then we overhear her poignant soliloquy in which she convinces herself (and us) that she will reject more lucrative, less exhausting jobs and return to her teacher's desk in September.

Robert R. Suchy, physics teacher in a Milwaukee high school, knowing that "the rewards and satisfactions derived from teaching" can only be appreciated if one is with the teacher as he works, takes us with him in his car at 7:30 A.M. as he drives us expectantly to school, spirits us through his successive classes, hour by hour, and then returns us reminiscently to his home. "Yes, it was a typical day at school, if there is such a thing. Today it was wind tunnels and cyclotrons. What will tomorrow bring?"

On the level of higher education, where the quality of teaching is often the lowest, it is pleasant to come upon Professor Frank C. Baxter's heresy regarding the "five or six giants, who for better or for worse" made him what he is today: "There is an educational dogma that declares that the good teacher must be student-centered rather than subject-centered. Luckily for me, not one of the great teachers I knew was interested one whit in me as a person."

On the sanguine side come Mark Van Doren's fine remarks which well might have been placed at the beginning of this collection. It is he especially who reminds us that teachers are primarily "seekers after truth" and that the teacher whom the students "will remember best is the teacher who most radiantly enjoys his own experience of learning." There are many occupations in which people are "well paid for doing things they do not altogether respect. Whatever his pay, at least the honest teacher cannot fail to respect what he is doing!"

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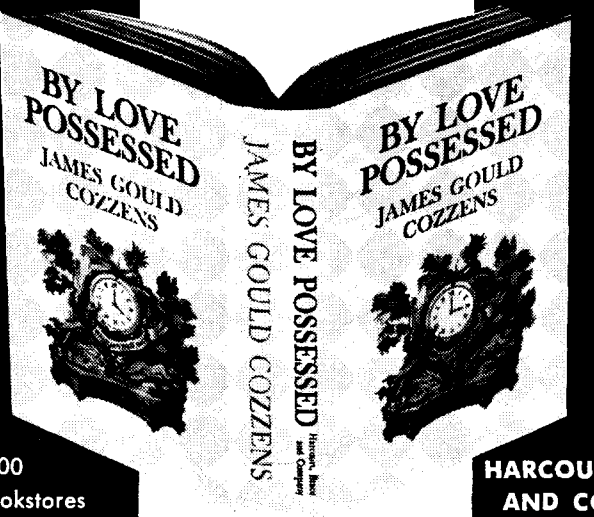

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Our Times

Continued from page 21

Hull had so obstinately worked for.

As one reads in this altogether excellent and absorbing book about the stresses and strains to which the coalition was exposed—the harsh recriminations over a second front and war aims, the issues at Casablanca, Quebec, Moscow, Cairo, Teheran, and Dumbarton Oaks, the embittered disagreements about Poland, Italy, Jugoslavia, and Germany—as one reads one wonders how this unnatural alliance lasted long enough to win the war and why the three principals, or at least two of them, could have convinced themselves that this precarious cooperation would continue.

The coalition held together because of the dangers its members faced and thanks, as Mr. Feis's narrative shows, to the personal diplomacy of Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin. From the American side this diplomacy was a mixture of realism and idealism, with Mr. Hull as the overshadowed and often ignored champion of Wilsonian principles. The unconditional surrender formula, for example, was based on a dubious interpretation of post-World War I history and a mistaken idea of General Grant's original use of the formula. Undoubtedly it made cooperation within the coalition easier, but one may question whether it helped much in dealing with the basic problems of peace, order, and progress.

In the light of what has since been revealed about the character and intentions of Marshal Stalin, it seems truly remarkable that the Prime Minister and the President were able, as this book shows, to establish friendly personal relations with this sinister dictator. As early as October 1943 Mr. Churchill observed that Stalin was "an unnatural man" with whom there would be serious trouble and "bloody consequences." Ambassador Harriman, George Kennan, and General John R. Deane all warned their superiors against being taken in by the festivities at high Soviet levels. But in the face of more immediate dangers the President and the Prime Minister put cooperation first. Whether in so doing they were realistic or unrealistic might be debated for a long time.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
JOHN GRAHAM, CONVICT *Robert Gibbings* (Barnes: $3)	Fact narrative of career of Irish youth, shipped to Australia in 1824 for stealing hemp (seven years) who redeemed self by superb heroism.	Gripping yarn is embellished by 40 grand wood-engravings by author; exceptionally fine performance in true-crime field, also thrilling adventure story.	As noted.
KNOCKED FOR A LOOP *Craig Rice* (S&S: $2.95)	John J. Malone, Chi. atty., finds body in office, lams to solve mystery before von Flanagan of Homicide catches up.	Customary harum-scarum extravaganza (even child's kidnaping is light-hearted); much gin and beer consumed.	Gay spoofery.
COUNT THE COST *E. X. Ferrars* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Coin collector clobbered on French Riviera; English visitors, aghast, go home; police backgrounded.	Marital problems omnipresent; characters fitted into scenario; pace leisurely plus.	Atmospheric.
ROOM TO SWING *Ed Lacy* (Harper: $2.95)	Toussaint Moore, NY Negro eye, lams to Dixie border to solve murder that will otherwise be pinned on him.	Race difficulties effectively handled, particularly in small Ohio town close to Kentucky border.	Top drawer.
THE RUNNING MAN *Ben Benson* (Mill-Morrow: $2.95)	Ralph Lindsey, Mass. state trooper, discovers corpse near where Paul Revere rode; payoff comes in dingy NY hotel.	Usual fine attention to detail (almost a documentary) with brisk action; teataster among characters.	As noted.
THE CONVERTIBLE HEARSE *William Campbell Gault* (Random: $2.95)	Brock Callahan, LA footballer turned private eye, explores used-car lot and picks up murder trail.	Cast credible, neatly drawn; tough guys plentiful; action fast to furious; good lines abound.	His best yet.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

tive writing," which is to say that they are excessively occupied with technique, to the point where plot, character, and mood often seem secondary to its ends. This makes them more interesting to study than read.

Mr. Curley has taught in universities and has been a welder in New Orleans; so, properly enough, some of his stories are about professors (who wish they weren't) and some are about New Orleans and welders. But so concerned is the author with the technical problems of narration and with the manipulation of an almost subliminal symbolism that he displays a naive disregard for such matters as the need to anchor his characters in a matrix of social reality. The professors behave as a welder might imagine them to behave, and vice versa. Conceivably this may be a deliberately contrived effect, but it doesn't make for credible characterization, and it is especially noticeable in the light of the author's rather realistic, circumstantial prose style (his experiments are not linguistic), which usually seems to keep its nose to the grindstone of journalistic detail, however hallucinatory or ambiguous may be the story it conveys.

Enough of the forest; let's see some of the trees: One of Mr. Curley's obsessive themes is the war between men and women, and the title story, which reduces this conflict to the primal battleground of the mating bed, leaves the reader as bleeding as the legendary Procrustes left his victims.

"The Appointed Hour," in which a lionized poet-lecturer at a writers' conference tells a group of busily attentive acolytes a compulsive story about a gauche young English instructor against whom the whole hive-like university appears to conspire, seems to utilize fully the elaborate technical structure which houses the tale.

"A Spring," one of two stories which depict certain folkways of the Deep South, has a Negro dancing for a glass of beer withheld from him by a bored sadist of a bartender, and, despite its tricks, is an imitative variation on a played-out theme.

Yoked together in a book, the general impression they convey evokes the classroom image with which this review opened. Three I would grade A or B-plus, several C, at least one F and one I (incomplete).

—JEROME STONE.

In Search of the Senses

***"Justine," by Lawrence Durrell** (Dutton. 252 pp. $3.50), is the story of a group of libertine worldlings in Alexandria, the work of a talented poet-novelist.*

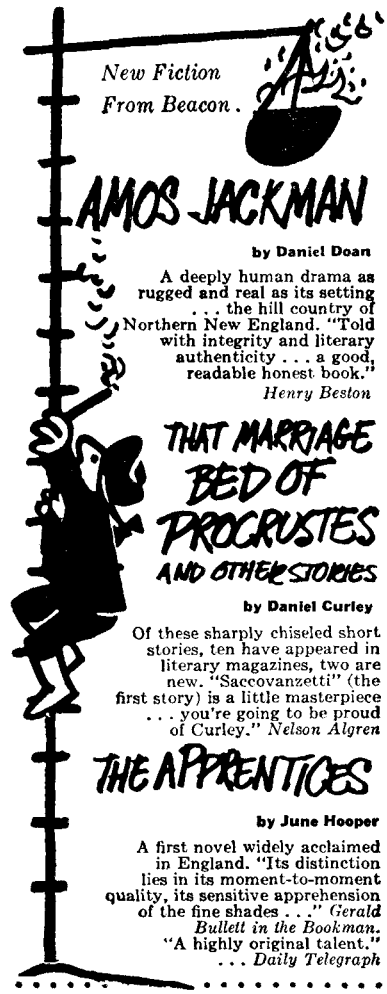
By Siegfried Mandel

POET-NOVELIST Lawrence Durrell is an Indian-born, English-educated Irishman whose writings deserve to be better known in this country than they are. A member of that branch of the "New British Poets" that has been profoundly influenced by the French symbolists of the last century, Durrell wrote occasional volumes of verse in the Thirties while he played the piano in night clubs in order to keep from starving. Later he joined the American expatriate Henry Miller on the staff of the *Booster* magazine in Paris. There in 1938 he published "The Black Book," a novel which was compared to Miller's own scabrous "Tropics" novels. After delivering himself of this clinically detailed blast against appetite-bound man, Durrell then retired to the Greek island of Corfu and, if it had not been for the war, he might have remained in splendid isolation indefinitely.

But the British Ministry of Information offered him a chance at a minor diplomatic career at this time —a career which took him to Alexandria, Egypt, and Rhodes. More recently he has served the British Foreign Service as a press officer in Athens, Cairo, and Belgrade, and he has lectured on cultural subjects in Argentina. This contact with the world has provided him with material for more poetry and for several travel books.

These long years of wandering have also washed away some of his hedonistic crudities, so that the outstanding characteristic of his newly published novel "Justine" is a refined sensualism that traces nerve paths down to the complicated psychological motives that lie far beneath human behavior.

Shuttling through each other's lives in this novel are Justine (who is an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Alexandrian society woman), Nessim (a businessman who is Justine's wealthy protector), Melissa (who is a cabaret dancer), and an Irish schoolmaster and writer (who lives with Melissa and serves as the story's narrator). These characters make libertine excursions into modern Alexandria's lower depths and, in the midst of hothouse pleasures, reach peaks of unbearable pain. Their capacity for unhappiness is infinite as they whiplash their senses into utter exhaustion.

Mr. Durrell shapes his prose to his will in order to evoke languorous moods, barbaric realism, hashish dreams, and relentless self-questionings for these characters. There are flashes of tender insight into the meaning of love and there are moments of extreme cynicism that see "at the centre of the city's life—its genito-urinary system." Each of his characters indulges in shadow play with a private neurosis; and once this secret source of dramatic torment is ruthlessly removed the characters are reduced to commonplace ciphers who retain washed-out memories. By frankly narcissistic means, the writer carries sense experience as far as it can be reproduced in the novel.

Mr. Durrell's writing exhibits the kind of strong individualism that breeds artistic decadence, not in the moral sense but in the esthetic. "Justine" shows the same ego-squeezing exoticism as the poetic novel "A Rebours" by the Frenchman Huysmans (who caused literary excitement some seventy years ago), the personalized anguish of Rimbaud, and a veneer that Baudelaire called "the phosphorescence of putrescence." Yet, whether its poetically tortured and emotionally intricate exposures attract or repel readers, his book shows Mr. Durrell a novelist of extraordinary force.

DULY NOTED: **"The Bixby Girls,"** by Rosamond Marshall (Doubleday, $3.95), introduces two strong-willed sisters, Salome and Kathy. The twice-married, bewitching Salome parks the offspring of one of her extra-curricular affairs with Kathy, who herself is involved with an unhappily-married tycoon. The setting is Texas some thirty years ago and Miss Marshall ("Kitty," "The Duchess Hotspur") flamboyantly brings alive the rousting Bixby clan, including a boozing father and a guitar-strumming brother. Heady melodrama and continual entertainment.

"Mrs. Daffodil," by Gladys Taber (Lippincott, $3.75), centers its attention on the New England home of a philosophically folksy writer who sympathetically portrays her neighbors: a nostalgic ex-naval officer who hoists and lowers the flag daily, a patriarchal old-fashioned farmer, and other species. Amusing, warmhearted.

"The Butterfly Net," by Alethia Sheldon (Coward-McCann, $3.75), is an excursion to the Westchester estate of the Stantons to attend a party where the drink-diluted conversations revolve around who is to go to bed with whom. After a good deal of catty palaver the question is resolved (without benefit of Emily Post). Naughty, suggestive, smoothly narrated tomfoolery. —S. P. MANSTEN.

Crusoe

By Robert Boylan

WHERE the antipodes' palmy Tuamotu are,
South of Hawaii, to the west of high Peru,
There lay a derelict on the unknown shore
Thinking of rescue vessels ever out of view.
Robinson Crusoe, alone in a coral land,
Dreamed of his home and found footprints in sand.
He walked where the past was powdered finely down
And discovered a friend, whose chiaroscuro skin
Gleamed amiably in the cannibals' town.
Across two seas were his safe foreign kin.
Kamehameha's parrots shone chartreuse
In Crusoe's paradise of all the tropic's hues.
Sails and Armadas fled across his eyes.
His was a life of desperate goodbyes.
His morrows dawned monotonous and dull.
His circlings of his isle grew mad with hope.
He envied the minute departing gull
And remote whales. He kept his lonely slope,
Praying a ship with archaeologists
Would fetch him from the map's Pacific mists.

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Eugene O'Neill

Continued from page 21

down and sobs.) But why should I cry, Mother? Why do I mourn for him?

Nora: Don't, darlin', don't . . . Shame on you to cry when you have love. What would the young lad think of you?

By O'Neill's standards a happy ending? There are no happy endings for the half-born.

The discovery that people have—and live by—illusions about themselves came early to O'Neill. There's a glimpse of it as early as "The Hairy Ape." Then, at a moment I cannot specify, it became his mastering idea and he became its propagandist, often giving us the feeling that no one else had ever thought this sublime thought before, that he had to prove it to us with masks for the actors or interior dialogue until it comes to the point that he throws the idea at us, as if all by itself, it is enough to absorb our interest. The profound filial and anti-filial feelings of "Long Day's Journey" embody the idea far better than the intellectual gropings of "The Iceman Cometh." The embodiment of the same idea in the characters of nineteenth-century melodrama in the new play is ineffective.

I make the guess that O'Neill lacked conviction about this play and I have emphasized one technical device which seems to me to prove this: the prevalence of off-stage action. The play begins (in a saloon, you may be sure) with two minor characters repeating what they had said the night before—O'Neill's version of the butler and French maid giving us a rundown of the more important figures. And again and again the decisive confrontations are avoided, the big scenes are only reported to us in two languages not exceptionally persuasive: the typical O'Neill rhapsody and what I must accept as Irish-American but know only as vaudeville Irish. And I feel at the end under no compulsion to believe in the play any more than O'Neill seems to have believed in it.

Pick of the Paperbacks

ROGUE HERRIES. *By Hugh Walpole. St. Martin's Library.* $1.25. The first novel in a tetrology chronicling the doings of the Herries family in eighteenth-century Cumberland.

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ART. *By Arnold Hauser. Translated by Stanley Goodman. Vintage.* 2 vols. $1.25 each. The first half of a standard work that traces the history of art, from the prehistoric period to the era of Baroque, setting it against the intellectual climate of its time.

MALLARMÉ. *Translated by C. F. MacIntyre. University of California Press.* $1.50. Poems by the French symbolist, including "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," in a handsome edition with both the French verse and the English translation.

THE BALLAD OF TRADITION. *By Gordon Hall Gerould. Galaxy.* $2.95. A comprehensive history of the ballad and its development in England, Europe, and America. Somewhat overpriced.

THE SEVEN ISLANDS. *By Jon Godden. Pocket Books.* 25¢. A modern-day fable about an ingenuous holy man on an island in the Ganges who wanted only to be left alone.

THE USES OF THE PAST. *By Herbert J. Muller. Galaxy.* $2.25. An intellectual history of the world's golden civilizations (the Byzantine Empire, Greece, and "Holy Russia") through which is suffused the spirit of tragedy.

VIRGIN LAND. *By Henry Nash Smith. Vintage.* $1.25. An interpretation of the American West which examines the distinct qualities of myth and symbol in frontier days.

LUCY CROWN. *By Irwin Shaw. Signet.* 50¢. The author of "The Young Lions" turns to infidelity as his theme in this story of a summer interlude and its shattering consequences to an erring woman and her unforgiving son.

THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL. *By Stanley Vestal. Bantam.* 50¢. The story of the rough trail from Missouri and the rugged pioneers who followed it to Santa Fe.

FORM AND FUNCTION. *By Horatio Greenough. University of California Press.* $1.25. Theories of art, design, and architecture expounded by a Boston sculptor that remain as valid now as when they were written in the days of Emerson.

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Books For Young People

—"The Little Red Schoolhouse."

IN THE April 1957 issue of the *Wilson Library Bulletin*, Donald E. Cooke, author of the recently-published "Silver Horn Book of Robin Hood" (Winston) explained why he believed there was need for a new edition of stories about the Outlaw of Sherwood Forest, even though the Howard Pyle version of them is still in print. But many of us, who use the Pyle volume of these stories in our daily work with children, remain to be convinced. We know that children still read and enjoy Pyle's colorful words, his imagery, his style—even the long, involved sentences—for out of this is created the magic of a hero and his merry band. Children are not bothered by unfamiliar words and sayings of a bygone time if an exciting world peopled with vivid characters is presented. Storytellers find the rhythm of Pyle's prose easy to learn and sure to hold the children's rapt attention. In the desire to modernize the old stories let us not lose the character, the qualities of style and expression that make them children's classics.

Reviewers for this issue: Marjorie Halderman, Supervisor Public School Libraries and Librarian, High School, Astoria, Oregon; Rosemary Livsey, Director, Work with Children, Public Library, Los Angeles, California; Della McGregor, Chief, Juvenile Division, Public Library, St. Paul, Minnesota.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services
The New York Public Library.

MISSISSIPPI CALLING. *By Virginia S. Eifert. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Mrs. Eifert, whose research for her trilogy on Lincoln led her to the Mississippi, has now written a social history of the great river. Beginning with prehistoric times she tells the story of the river through the lives of the people who lived along its shifting banks and the events that occurred up and down its 2,550-mile length. Through the description of many local incidents she creates a feeling for the great surging river, its fascination, its timelessness, its constructive and destructive powers.

There is an index to increase the reference use of the book, but it is as a very readable narrative of the discovery, exploration, and conquest of the River Mese-sebe that this book will be enjoyed by older boys and girls and their parents. —F. L. S.

OVER IN THE MEADOW. *By John Langstaff. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. This is an enchanting rendition of the tuneful old counting song about our meadowland neighbors. The superb illustrations of Rojankovsky surpass any he has ever done, not excepting those he made for John Langstaff's "Frog Who Went A-courtin,'" for which he received the Caldecott Medal.

From the drawings for the title page through those illustrating the adventures of the turtles, chipmunks, frogs, baby owls, and the spider with its web suspended over a magic mushroom, Mr. Rojankovsky's work is in exactly the right key. His drawings add new life and freshness to a story song written more than four hundred years ago for children in Scotland.

—DELLA MCGREGOR.

THE GREAT WHEEL. *Written and illustrated by Robert Lawson. Viking.* $3. Seated beside an open turf fire, young Conn Kilroy listened incredulously as his Aunt Honoria read his teacup fortune. "Mind well what I'm telling you, Conn. Keep your face to the sunset and one day sure as fate you'll ride the greatest wheel in the whole wide world." Six years later Conn left Ireland for New York, then went on to Chicago where preparations were brewing for the most stupendous fair the world had ever seen. In Chicago Aunt Honoria's prophecy was fulfilled.

The Great Wheel that was to set tongues wagging all over the world was the pride and invention of George Washington Ferris. With Conn's help it was readied for display at the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

Late this spring Robert Lawson's career as an author and illustrator came to an end when he died at the age of sixty-four. He is the only creator of children's books to win both the Caldecott and Newbery awards. In his work he set a high pattern of integrity in the illustrating and writing of children's books that we hope future contributors to the field may wish, and be glad, to follow.

—D. M.

WHERE DID TUFFY HIDE? *By Isabel and Frederick Eberstadt. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Little, Brown.* $2.50. A lovable, flop-eared puppy named Tuffy, clever verse by Ogden Nash's daughter and her husband, and charming and nostalgic lithographs by a famed children's writer-illustrator combine to produce an attractive and delightful picture book for the very young. Tuffy hides in the most extraordinary places The children who have this book read to them will be eager to guess the answer to "Where did Tuffy hide?" A fun-to-read book for both adult and child.

—MARJORIE HALDERMAN.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE. *By Caroline Sherwin Bailey. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse. Viking.* $2.50. Although it was not the original schoolhouse, it stood on the same ground as the first one. Years ago children had enjoyed the quiet beauty of the New Hampshire countryside, played together in the open fields after school, and, reluctantly remembering their household chores, had torn themselves away. So it was today. School was fun, and with a wise and understanding teacher, learning was an experience in living. Although the children are very real, it is what they do that makes this book important. Each chapter is an episode marking the changing seasons, the holidays, and the activities of school life. These stories will have special significance to teachers and parents because they are based upon sound and

—*From "The Great Wheel."*

"High pattern of integrity."

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practical educational theory. The book will have a warm, albeit quiet, reception by children.

—ROSEMARY LIVSEY.

A GONDOLA FOR FUN. *Written and illustrated by Harvey Weiss. Putnam.* $2.50. Mario's father was a gondolier who, as he rowed, showed the tourists the many unusual and beautiful things in Venice. Up and down the narrow canals he guided the gondola. What fun, Mario thought to himself, wishing he were standing at the oar. Unexpectedly his opportunity came when his father, leaning over too far to rescue a fallen fan, was left behind in the water. Mario, catching up the great oar quickly, found that what is fun to watch is not always easy to do. Hiding his inexperience he rowed on until the gondola was swept with the tide far out toward the Adriatic. Fresh wash drawings in aquamarine increase the actuality of this Venetian adventure. Exciting, believable and ingenious fare for the nine-year-olds.

—R. L.

FAIRWATER. *By Alastair Reid. Illustrated by Walter Lorraine. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.50. A modern fairy tale told with crystal clearness. Fairwater was a land of happiness and contentment, where birds talked, everyone had enough, and it was always today. Prando was the beloved King, and Tiran, a wispy girl with silky hair the color of wind, the Princess. One day, while wandering in the mountains playing her harp with her long fingers, she heard Garth, the son of the Stonecutter, singing at his work, and she sang back in response. Their love was born that day, and although it was deep and true, it brought shattering unhappiness to Fairwater. Told with mystery and fragile beauty, the tale is shot with the mingling light and shade of happiness and sorrow. Curious illustrations drawn upon transparent floating-blue pages keep the fairy beings remote, as if seen in a mirror. A perfect book to read alone, and wonder about. —R. L.

LITTLE HAWK AND THE FREE HORSES. *By Glenn Balch. Illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Crowell.* $2.75. The coming of the Spaniards' horses to the mainland of North America had a tremendous effect on the Indians of the plains. In this well-told story of a Comanche tribe, the author, beloved writer of Indian and horse stories for boys and girls, excitingly creates a situation in which Little Hawk, with the help of Shy Girl, goes out to stalk and eventually capture a wily stallion, and goes on to free his father from the cruel Apaches.

This book, for upper elementary and lower high school students, is spiritedly illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats's line drawings. —M. H.

A SWARM IN MAY. *By William Mayne. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3. Tradition has it that the youngest boy in the great cathedral choir school is always the Beekeeper—though why, no one can remember. John Owen, whose turn it is now, finds out through a series of adventures that include the discovery, high in one of the towers, of a long closed room where bees had been kept. With the cathedral organist, John makes a candle of beeswax and reenacts the old ceremony of presenting a candle and a swarm of bees for the Bishop's blessing. There is a very English flavor to this delightful mystery of schoolboys and their masters, of bees, and of the ever-present cathedral. Published originally in England, this first American edition should be enjoyed by the ten-to-twelve-year-olds. —F. L. S.

STORM OVER SKYE. *By Allan Campbell McLean. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. Obviously, all was not well in Skye. Household doors that for generations had been on the latch were now barred. This new state of affairs had begun in November following the sheep-dipping—eleven were missing! There was a thief in the tiny township but who, pray tell? Who? This is a rousing adventure story for older boys. As a tale of derring-do it has all too seldom been equalled in quality and intensity of feeling, family loyalties and tenderness since "How Green Was My Valley" and "David Balfour."

Allan McLean is of Scottish ancestry and the sea, tarns, and mists he describes so vividly are part and parcel of his own boyhood treks over the moor and croft. It will be a pity if the frequent use of Gaelic phrases and names of Scottish origin proves too great a stumbling block to its full enjoyment by the wide audience of readers the tale deserves. —D. M.

MISTER JIM. *By Rutherford G. Montgomery. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. World.* $2.75. This amazing tale, written by a man who knows a great deal about animals and the West, is about a grizzly bear who, tamed by an Indian, grew up to be a gentle, loving pet and even a beast of burden. Mister Jim, a grizzly with only the friendliest feelings for man, temporarily loses his master. In his loneliness he takes up with a sheep-killing bear, and immediately the law is after him. There is a series of exciting episodes before the end of this story for boys and girls in the upper grades and high school. —M. H.

—From "Little Hawk and the Free Horses."

"Tremendous effect on the Indians."

THREE SHIPS CAME SAILING IN. *By Miriam E. Mason. Illustrated by Charles V. John. Bobbs-Merrill.* $2.75. This is a story of the first Virginia Colony. Martin, a twelve-year-old apprentice to the company doctor, was the youngest passenger on the *Susan Constant,* one of the three ships to set sail from England in 1607. Martin is not given a heroic part to play, but with simple honesty he assists with the sick, prepares simple remedies, and makes friends with colonists and Indians alike. In this book a great deal is told of the everyday life of the colony.

No attempt is made to gloss over the terrible tragedy of that first year, but through the quiet courage of the men who put their hearts and lives into building in the wilderness, the first American colony lives again for children of today. —R. L.

SHADOW. *By Larry Kettelkamp. Illustrated by the author. Morrow.* $2.50. Have you ever stopped to think about the importance of shadows? In this entertaining book, Mr. Kettelkamp shows, by word and picture, how shadows have played an amazing part in the history of our civilization. Without shadows Aristotle and Syene could not have calculated that the world is round. Without shadows we could not have the benefit of aerial photography or the x-ray. And shadows are fun! Any child can put on amateur shows by using a simple shadow stage, or he can make a sun dial. The possibilities are endless—and this book shows many of them.

Written for the upper-grade school student, this book would be a useful and informative addition for the school or home library science shelf.

—M. H.

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Secret of the Masters

Continued from page 14

quires that one unmake and remake himself. To do so is to stake everything on the chance, and without any promise, of resurrection. The artist, as such, has no savior. He must unmake before he can start to remake, without any assurance that remaking is possible. This is what I mean by the writer's struggle with the world—not a struggle with the times, with its taste for facts rather than truths, with good faith replaced by bad faith, belief by realism, sin by violence, uniqueness by conventionality. These are no help to a novelist, but before he can cope with them he must cope with what is ingrained; to see the world he must not *be* the world. Insight, not self-sight is needed.

In speaking of the world I have already spoken of subject matter, and the choice of subject matter is a part of craft. The novelist, endeavoring "to learn and practise what is sound and true," has now gotten himself into a favorable position, at least for writing. Open, with a true voice, the slave cast out, the writer has only to cope with the prodigious work of writing his novel—that is, of creating a world with words. Looked at in the most elementary way, the novel involves two elements: a subject and a manner of presenting that subject. In the best novels these two so fuse that there is no adequate way of reporting the happening except in the author's words. And one needs not only the words of a single episode one is attempting to shape, but the words which have preceded it and those which will follow. For the whole of the good novel clings together, adheres like the notes of a melody, each note more in context because of memory of what came before and anticipation of what is to follow.

The novel reports that certain people had certain experiences. But it is apparent in serious novels that their writers believe these experiences make some comment upon life itself, that they are not without significance or relevance to us as testimonies concerning human values. Therefore analysis or projection are but means by which the novelist attempts to make his insights vivid, moving, and convincing to his readers. If, as the existentialists say, "existence is prior to essence," the novelist is a man who wants to eliminate as much of that priority as possible. By the existence which he portrays he desires to reveal essences; otherwise he is no more than a tape recorder with viscera, which means an inefficient tape recorder.

Matthew Arnold once said, "All depends upon subject; choose a fitting action, penetrate yourself with the feelings of its situation; this done everything else will follow." Before questioning whether or not everything else will really follow, we need to know what Arnold considers a "fitting action." A fitting action is one, he says, "which most powerfully appeals to the great primary human affections; to the elementary part of our nature, to our passions; that which is great and passionate is eternally interesting; and interesting solely in proportion to its greatness and its passion." For those reasons Arnold finds the action of "The Excursion" and "Hermann and Dorothea" less excellent than that of the "Iliad" or the episode of Dido. In these latter cases "the action is greater, the personages nobler, the situations more intense."

ARNOLD does admit, almost parenthetically, that these actions "should be communicated in an interesting manner," and that "construction" is involved. He is at pains to deny, however, that manner of construction comes first; and he values Shakespeare himself not for his "gift of expression" but for "his skill in discerning and firmly conceiving an excellent action, his power of intensely feeling a situation, of intimately associating himself with a character."

There are various ways of telling a story: word by word, sentence by sentence, episode by episode, through interior dialogue, no dialogue, all dialogue, from the viewpoint of a single character or with the omniscience of God, with four-letter words or twenty-letter words, with time moving forward, backward, or sideways, with symbols, by methods realistic, naturalistic, romantic, surrealistic, existentialist, analytic, or projected. Whatever the technique, it is selected in this consuming hope: that through fictional existence the reader (and the writer) may come to non-fictional meaning, may come eagerly and rest finally in that esthetic contentment which is the result of having experienced a manner perfectly suited to its matter.

To provide this content is not easy; nor is it made easier by the fact that the reader himself changes. He is a better reader today than he was 100 years ago. He is capable of inferring what the former reader wanted to be told. He responds to a language much more alert, nervous, and evocative. He is less awed by writing than he was and does not accept the neatness of unreal plotting simply because it is spread out in print and insisted upon through 350 pages. He has more knowledge of existence and more need of essence.

Writing a novel is in many ways easier than it has ever been before; writing a good novel has never been harder. It is not the reader's knowledge of the masterpieces of the past which makes novel writing more difficult today, but the novelist's own knowledge. Grandma Moses can paint something which charms us because she does not have in her eyes and hands the knowledge of past greatness. She is a true primitive, working at the top of her bent; hence she delights us as a child delights us who can only stammer words but stammers them as best he can. There can be few primitives in the field of writing. We cannot write novels as Grandma Moses paints, as freshly as if Richardson and Fielding, Defoe and Smollett had never covered their pages. Nor can we imitate, write a "Madame Bovary" for the suburbs, or be the Proust of Southern California. Burdened with the knowledge of what the novel has been, we must find our own—and our era's—means for making our personal understandings live in the novel. That is our struggle with technique.

My own feeling is that it will be won and that the future of the novel depends less upon craft than upon the writer's struggle with self and the world. Which is to say, I believe that who writes the novel is of more importance than how the novel is written. When we find geniuses we will not need to specify form. The proper writer will find the proper manner.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

(In scoring, do not distinguish between O and Oh.) 1. Oh, (Robert Browning: "Home Thoughts from Abroad"). 2. Ah, (Gelett Burgess: Afterthought to "The Purple Cow"). 3. Ah, (Edgar Allan Poe: "The Raven"). 4. O, (Walt Whitman: "O Captain! My Captain!"). 5. Oh, (Percy Bysshe Shelley: "Adonais"). 6. Ah, (Bret Harte: "Plain Language from Truthful James"). 7. Ah, (Francis Thompson: "To Daisies"). 8. Ah, (Edward FitzGerald: "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám). 9. O, (William Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night"). 10. O, (John Keats: "La Belle Dame Sans Merci").

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTIC NO. 1226

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. In an engine, the thrust of a piston toward the crankshaft.	177 18 134 154 127 23 42 105 102
B. French chemist and mechanician, first to make successful parachute jump, 1783, holding a five-foot umbrella in each hand.	10 146 181 82 103 159 39 126 137
C. Large province of cent. Iran, and busy city, former capital of Persia.	142 62 157 158 173 164 149
D. A soft swelling on a horse's leg; a windgall.	118 113 104 73 20 78 81 186 47
E. The "Lord's Supper" of the Christian communion.	11 110 138 131 123 43 7 17 63
F. Larceny with violence or intimidation (plural).	6 117 130 101 107 85 180 174 116
G. The needle furze (2 wds.).	26 136 4 80 2 119 49 84 128 115 32
H. Those who catch a certain kind of ray-like shark in North Atlantic coastal waters.	28 19 163 16 187 38 67 56 94 96 152 130
I. Valuable Australian grass used as forage, pasturage, etc. (2 wds.).	165 153 109 108 183 70 36 14 168 13
J. Inflammation of cellular tissue, esp. if next to the skin.	129 182 135 111 176 97 57 24 58 5 72
K. Cast off recklessly, without hope of recovery (4 wds.).	27 145 124 46 147 143 98 171 33 15 90 91 77 68 141 21
L. Given name of Lord Kitchener.	41 37 184 22 122 40 144
M. Two-wheeled chariots of ancient Britons.	3 167 155 52 188 55 87
N. Dimly illuminated.	75 83 59 89 92 185
O. Any low organism intermediate bet. an animal and a plant.	132 172 79 166 112 86 54 31 100 35 120 151 121
P. Cretan mountains, where the peak Dikte was thought to be the cradle of Zeus.	140 65 8 50 93 34 106
Q. Building or vessel used for quarantine.	76 12 45 133 170 74 66
R. A more or less mythical preparation with which the mischievous small boy hopes to annoy his enemy with violent skin discomfort (2 wds.).	148 88 9 64 169 139 179 30 61 114
S. Living in poverty; destitute.	29 150 175 161 48 51 125 1 156 71 95
T. In falconry, the act of seizing with the claws by a hawk.	25 162 44 53 178 69 60 99

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 S	2 G	3 M		4 G	5 J	6 F		7 E	8 P		9 R	10 B	11 E
12 Q	13 I		14 I	15 K	16 H		17 E	18 A	19 H		20 D	21 K		22 L	23 A	24 J
25 T	26 G	27 K		28 H	29 S	30 R		31 O	32 G		33 K	34 P	35 O	36 I	37 L	
38 H	39 B	40 L		41 L	42 A	43 E	44 T	45 Q	46 K	47 D	48 S		49 G	50 P	51 S	52 M
	53 T	54 O	55 M	56 H	57 J		58 J	59 N	60 T	61 R	62 C		63 E	64 R	65 P	66 Q
	67 H	68 K		69 T		70 I	71 S	72 J	73 D	74 Q	75 N		76 Q	77 K	78 D	79 O
80 G		81 D	82 B	83 N		84 G	85 F	86 O	87 M	88 R	89 N	90 K		91 K	92 N	93 P
94 H		95 S	96 H	97 J	98 K	99 T	100 O	101 F	102 A	103 B		104 D	105 A	106 P	107 F	108 I
	109 I	110 E	111 J	112 O	113 D	114 R		115 G	116 F		117 F	118 D	119 G	120 O		121 O
122 L	123 E	124 K		125 S	126 B		127 A	128 G	129 J		130 H	131 E	132 O	133 Q	134 A	135 J
136 G	137 B		138 E	139 R	140 P	141 K		142 C	143 K		144 L	145 K	146 B	14	147 K	148 R
149 C	150 S	151 O	152 H	153 I	154 A	155 M		156 S	157 C		158 C	159 B	160 F	161 S	162 T	
163 H	164 C	165 I	166 O	167 M		168 I		169 R	170 Q	171 K	172 O	173 C	174 F	175 S	176 J	
177 A	178 T		179 R	180 F	181 B	182 J	183 I	184 L		185 N	186 D	187 H	188 M			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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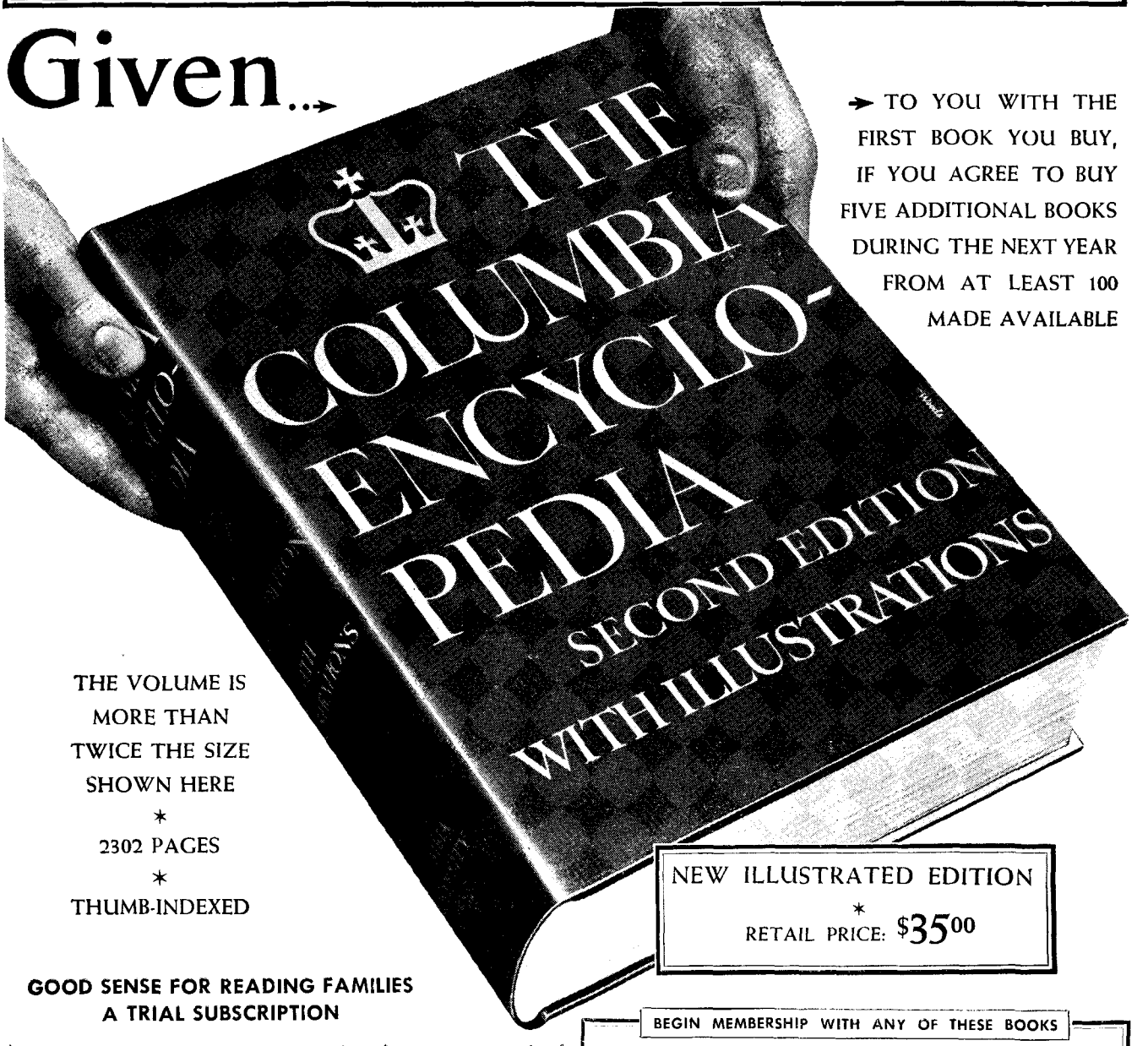

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